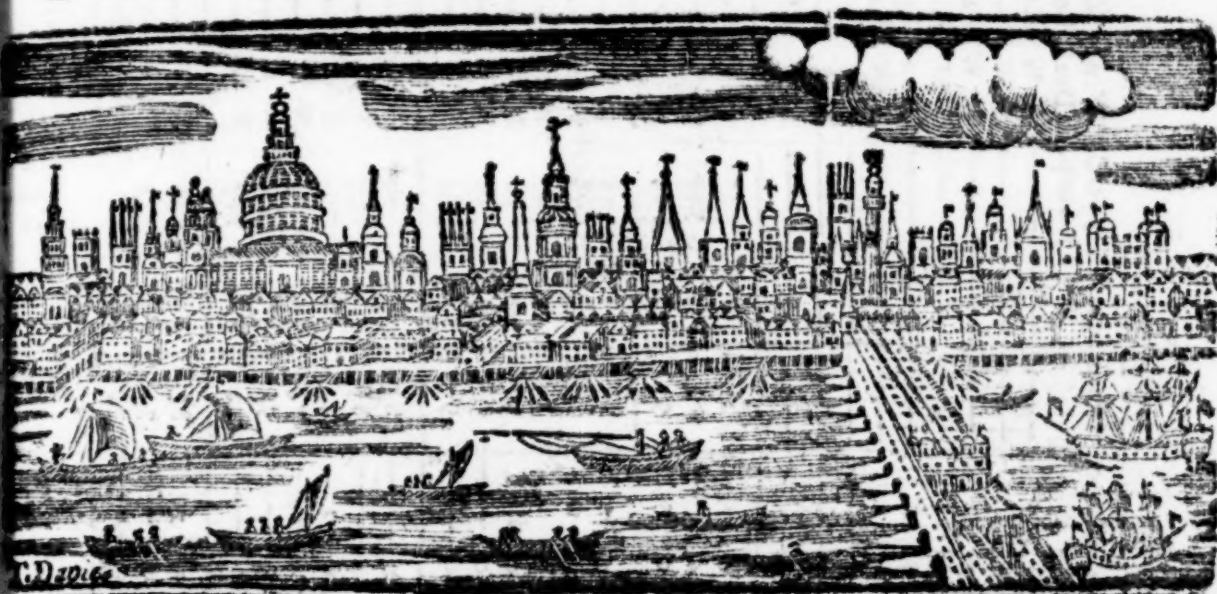


THE LONDON MAGAZINE :



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For MARCH, 1781.

Memoirs of the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, Esq. 107

The Hypochondriack, No. XLII. 109

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

Debates in the House of Commons 111

— on Mr. Burke's Motion *ibid.*

— on the first Reading of his Bill *ibid.*

— on Capt. Minchin's Motion *ibid.*

Resolutions of the Committee of Supply 112

Letter to the Editor on Gasconading 113

Story of Monsieur Le Colombier 114

Thoughts on Friendship 116

— On Time 117

Taylor, the Water-Poet's Description of a Coach *ibid.*

The Blind Woman of Spa, a dramatic Tale 118

Essays on Various Subjects, No. XXIV. 126

— On Knavery *ibid.*

Historical Deduction of the Political and Commercial Connexion between Great Britain and the States General of the United Provinces, from the Origin of their first Alliance to the present Time, concluded 129

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

Account of Thelyphthora, a new Farce 133

— of Dissipation, a new Comedy 134

Anecdote of the late John Philippon, Esq. 135

— of King George I. *ibid.*

Description of Lanerkshire in Scotland 136

— of the City and University of Glasgow *ibid.*

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Of Letters, moral and entertaining, by Mrs. Cartwright, intended as a Supplement to The Speaker 138

Of Enfield's Exercises on Elocution 139

Of the Bishop of Litchfield's Sermons *ibid.*

Of The Mirror 140

Of The Theatre of Education. 141

Of Knox's Liberal Education *ibid.*

Of the Fatal Kiss, a Poem, written in the last Stage of an Atrophy 142

Of Emma Corbet, new Edit. 143

List of New Books *ibid.*

POETICAL ESSAYS.

Delays are Dangerous 144

Prologue to the new Tragedy of The Royal Suppliants 146

Epilogue to the Same *ibid.*

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

Trial of Mr. Alderman Kennet, for Neglect of Duty in quelling the late Riots 149

Marriages, Deaths, &c. *ibid.*

Bankrupts *ibid.*

American Affairs 150

Copy of a Letter from Major Gen. Vaughan, to Lord George Germain, on the Surrender of St. Eustatius *ibid.*

With the following Embellishments, viz.

A neatly engraved Head of the Right Honourable RICHARD RIGBY, Esq.

AND

An accurate MAP of LANERKSHIRE.

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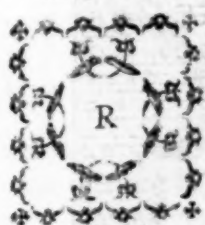
London Mag.^o Mar.^h 1780.



The Right Hon^{ble}. RICHARD RIGBY. Esq^r.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
FOR MARCH, 1781.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.
MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD RIGBY, ESQ.



RICHARD RIGBY, Esq. was the eldest son of a private gentleman of considerable fortune in the county of Suffolk: we are not able to ascertain the exact time when he was born, but from various circumstances, we conjecture it was about the year 1720. By the death of his father, Mr. Rigby came into possession of an estate of two thousand pounds *per annum* when he was too young to know how to manage it, and being naturally of a generous disposition, fond of company and good cheer, and remarkable for his hospitality; if we mistake not, in a few years, his fortune was dissipated in that fashionable manner, which is too often adopted by young gentlemen. To enumerate his expensive amusements would be needless, it is sufficient to observe, that he indulged himself in every gratification that an ample fortune enabled him to pursue; amongst the rest, however, horse-races, and the clubs at White's chocolate-house in St. James's street, came in for their share in disburthening him of his income.

In the parliament summoned to meet on the 14th of August 1747, we find him for the first time in a public character, having been elected one of the representatives for the borough of Sudbury in the county of Suffolk. And, not long after, a very extraordinary incident happened which laid the foundation of his future success in public life as a courtier.

The late Duke of Bedford having interposed with his authority and interest in the management of the horse-races at Litchfield, in such a partial manner, as to give great offence to many of the country gentlemen, and

LOND. MAG. March 1781.

some of the substantial yeomanry, who were deeply concerned in these races, a party was formed, to take some severe revenge upon his grace, at the head of which was a robust, resolute farmer. Accordingly, a convenient opportunity was taken in the course of a heat to surround the duke, and the farmer without any previous notice began to horsewhip him unmercifully, pretending all the time not to know him; unable to endure this chastisement, or in any manner to resist it, he flattered himself that by calling out lustily, "I am the Duke of Bedford, surely you do not know me, or you would not dare to use me thus," his adversary would desist, but in vain, for he still kept on *drubbing* him, and insisted that he could not be the Duke of Bedford, for a man of his rank and character would never have acted as he had done. It is unknown to what extremities the farmer might have proceeded, if Mr. Rigby had not generously flown to his assistance: if we are rightly informed, he was a perfect stranger to the duke at that time, and was influenced by no other motive, but a delicate concern for the honour of a British peer, who was suffering one of the greatest insults that could possibly be offered to a nobleman of his elevated rank. With the greatest intrepidity he burst through the croud, fell upon the duke's antagonist, retaliated upon the poor farmer, and conducted his grace out of the field.

A service so essential, and performed at so critical a juncture by a stranger, to the peril of his own person, must have made a deep impression on the mind of a man smarting under the pain of a severe chastisement, and shocked at the notoriety and infamy of it. We shall therefore rather admire than

be astonished at the duke's gratitude to his deliverer. But before we proceed to the particulars of his grace's friendship for Mr. Rigby, it may be proper to mention, that the story was circulated all over the kingdom, and occasioned many lampoons and *jeux d'esprits*, amongst others, there is a court anecdote related of the late Lord Chesterfield. Being in the presence, when his late majesty received a dispatch from Admiral Hawke, in which that gallant commander informed the Admiralty that he had given the French a hearty *drubbing*, the king who did not understand the meaning of the word, asked Lord Chesterfield to explain it, who immediately replied, that if his majesty would be pleased to ask the Duke of Bedford, he would be able to satisfy him better than any other nobleman in his court.

The intimacy that took place between Mr. Rigby and the Duke of Bedford was improved in a few years into a firm friendship and attachment indissoluble by any other event than death, and as the power and influence of the duke increased at court, he took care to provide in proportion for his near and dear ally, who had likewise the happiness to be in the good graces of the duchess.

A new parliament being summoned to meet on the 31st of May, 1754, Mr. Rigby was chosen member for Tavistock in Devonshire, a borough which gives the title of Marquis to the Dukes of Bedford, and from this time we are to consider him as a member in the Bedford party, and interest. And in every successive parliament he has been constantly re-elected without opposition for the same borough.

Fortune began to shower down her favours upon him in the year 1755, when he was first put upon the court list, being appointed one of the lords of trade. In 1759, the Duke of Bedford being then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Rigby was made keeper of the rolls in that kingdom for life, and deputy ranger of the Phoenix Park at Dublin. In January 1768, he was appointed vice-treasurer of Ireland, and in the month of June in the same year was made paymaster-general of the forces, one of the most lucrative offices under the government in time of war, which he now enjoys.

Mr. Rigby may be stiled in every sense of the phrase, the favourite child of fortune, for no political revolutions have ever affected him from the time of his first promotion, and being a single man, he has neither known the troubles, nor the tender sensations, sometimes equally distressing of a family. In short, if we may credit report, this lucky gentleman has never encountered sorrow, care, or disappointment. The sunshine of prosperity, and the emblems of an easy heart are refulgent upon his smiling countenance; whereon are also painted in glowing colours, the marks of festive conviviality.

Mr. Rigby is one of the oldest members of the House of Commons, having had a seat in *six* parliaments, and his conduct has always been uniformly resolute and steady in the support of government. He speaks but seldom, and is no orator, but he always discovers strong natural parts, delivers his sentiments with freedom, and indulges himself in a vein of irony, which sometimes recalls the good humour of the warmer speakers when they have gone great lengths in their declamations against each other; in the midst of the most acrimonious debate, he happily introduces some jocular animadversions which set the House in a roar.

Being well skilled in the rules and orders, and in the usages and law of parliament, he is generally very accurate upon questions of order, and great deference is given to his opinion. In fine, his frankness, which seems to say, "I care for no body, no not I," joined to a chearful, good temper, secures him many friends; however, it must be confessed that the insolence of prosperity now and then breaks forth in his speeches. One instance in particular is on record. When the debate was going on in the House of Lords upon the question, Whether a gallery should be built for the accommodation of strangers, a conversation took place in the House of Commons, concerning the little respect that was shewn to the members of that House, when they chose to hear the debates in the House of Lords. It was said, there are no seats, nor any accommodations to separate us from other strangers. And Mr. Rigby complained that he had been crowded in behind the bar, amongst

pick-

1781.

pick-pockets; this happened upon a memorable occasion, when the late Earl of Chatham made his last speech, and the bar was indeed remarkably crowded, but there were persons in that crowd, whose rank and fortune far exceeded Mr. Rigby's; others of superior abilities, and many whose characters were equal to his. One of these wittily retorted in the public newspapers, that he did not know that he had been hemmed in by pick-pockets below the bar of the House of Lords,

till it had been mentioned by Mr. Rigby in the other House, and then he recollected that he had been very much crowded and jostled by the Paymaster of the Forces, who stood next to him. Independent of such rude sallies as this, he is a fair and sound reasoner, and is admired even by his opponents.

Mr. Rigby in his person is tall, and rather corpulent, he has the appearance of a robust constitution, but he wears the aspect of a declining good liver.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. No. XLII.

Ἀποπον οὖν τὸ γυναιξίν ἀρετῆς φάναι μὴδ' ἀλλῆς μετεῖναι τι δεῖ λεγεῖν περὶ δὲ σωφροσύνης καὶ συνεσεως αὐτῶν ἐτι δε πιξεως καὶ δικαιοσύνης οἶον καὶ το ἀνδρείον καὶ τὸ δαῖβαλεον καὶ τὸ μεγαλόφυχον ἐν πολλαῖς ἐπιφανές γέγονε πρὸς τὰ ἄλλα κατὰ τὴν φύσιν αὐτῶν ἀλλ' ἢ ψέγονται εἰς μονὴν φιλία ἀδέρμοσον ἀποφαίνειν πάντα πασιν δεινον.

PLUTARCH ERATICOS.

"But to detract virtue from the character of women is certainly repugnant to reason. For since their chastity, prudence, fidelity, justice, nay, fortitude, resolution, and magnanimity shine forth in many remarkable instances, it is plainly foolish to say with a view to lessen them, that their nature which is so well adapted to all other offices, is incapable of friendship."

CIVILIANS define Marriage, "*Conjunctio maris et feminae individuum vitæ consuetudinem continens*—The union of a man and a woman comprehending one common train of life," which in Thomson's poetry is, without any reference to law, thus express'd:

— "In one fate
Their lives, their fortunes, and their beings
Blend."

Canonists define it, "*Conjunctio maris et feminae, consortium omnis vitæ divini et humani juris communicatio*—The union of a man and woman, a society for the whole of life, a participation of rights temporal and spiritual."

It is curious to compare with these definitions a modern Marriage, as appearing in the practice of many splendid couples in this metropolis. They instead of having one common train of life, contrive it so as very seldom to approach each other. A husband is so far from being the sole cause of comfort and happiness in the matrimonial state, that he is only like the master or superintendant of a great manufactory, and the beneficial effect of subdivision of labour, upon which Dr. Adam Smith insists so much, in his Wealth of Nations, seems to be assumed in the

connubial copartnery. Different men attend a lady to different places of amusement; and conversation being shared with numbers, there is a gay variety, instead of the uniform dullness of frequent intercourse with the same person. Neither is it thought of any advantage to have an attention to fortune as a fund common to both, since each can with less care, take occasionally what is wanted, as the birds peck at large, wherever they fly and hop about.

If happiness be not promoted by Marriage, it is undoubtedly a bad institution; and superficial thinkers easily adopt the opinion that it is not. Accordingly we find the wits and the poets have employed the shafts of their ridicule upon no subject more freely, than upon this. Yet Marriage stands its ground, and even the greatest part of the railers against it are observed to conform to it like other mortals. The explanation is obvious. A slight prospect takes in only restraint and all its concomitant ideas. A steady view discovers the real advantages.

It is a thoughtless error to conceive of Marriage, as of a state altogether of enjoyment, and not "for better for worse," as the form for celebration of matrimony

matrimony bears. This error however has afforded much play both to raw imagination and licentious fancy. One is deceived by finding that it is not what was ignorantly supposed. The other concludes that when high enjoyment ceases, the contract is at an end.

Of the latter species there is a fine lively instance, in a song in Dryden's *Marriage A-la-mode* :

"Why should a foolish Marriage vow
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now
When passion is decay'd.
We lov'd and we lov'd as long as we could,
Till our love was lov'd out of us both,
But our Marriage is dead when the pleasures
are fled ;

'Twas pleasure first made it an oath."

The same free thought is exhibited in a less elegant, but very characteristic manner, in *Carey's Beggar's Wedding*, a ballad farce.

"Like jolly beggars thus we live,
Since now the wedding's o'er,
We'll love and live, and live and love,
Till we can love no more.
In life we'll love, in freedom live,
In loving live our fill,
For I to you will constant prove—
Or part whene'er you will."

To beings of levity such fallies are admirably suited. But human nature is not in general devoid of settled thinking. Though man be distinguished as a risible animal, there is not a large portion of his existence spent in laughter. In his early years indeed he has much of it. But in his early years he is an imperfect animal—He is green—He is not substantiated. And it will be allowed that men who after arriving at the full age of reason are continual laughers, have no credit by their merriment, but are with justice looked upon as foolish. Man is not more distinguished as a risible, than as a reasoning animal, and the longer he lives he approaches the more to steadiness. Therefore when a man and a woman have lived together for years, and they have gradually become habituated to each other, they will not feel disagreeably the change from livelier sensations of pleasure to comfortable satisfactions, nor regret that love has grown into friendship.

There is in human nature a love of permanency, as well as a love of variety. Identity of person is absolutely

requisite in the idea of happiness, though the person must no doubt have changes of sensation to exist agreeably. There is an *egotism* in this view which is not only valuable, but without which man is nothing. As the soul "startles at destruction," no thinking person, though in a state of little enjoyment, would be content to sink into annihilation upon condition of rising into a much more happy state without any consciousness of former existence. If I am destroyed it is of no consequence to me, that *another* being in lieu of me has a large share of felicity. This love of permanency, with reference to ourselves, extends itself also to objects with which we are intimately connected. Even inanimate objects so circumstanced, have a certain hold of our affection; and no man, unless of a rugged cast indeed, ever quitted a house in which he had lived long, and did not feel some regret. How much stronger then must it be, when applicable to a *wife*, "the most delightful name in nature," as the *Spectator* with an amiable moral ambition has shewn it to be. Horace extends the conjugal union of felicity to the last moment of this life,

Felices ter et amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula ; nec malis

Divulsus querimoniis

Suprema citius solvet amor die.

"Thrice happy they whom love unites
In equal rapture, and sincere delights,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Even to the latest hours of life." FRANCIS.

But we carry our love of permanency still farther, and please ourselves with an anxious hope that an agreeable union may be continued even in a future state of existence. That this was the popular notion of the Jews, appears from their questioning our Saviour, Whose wife a woman who had many husbands in succession, should be at the resurrection? He tells them, that "at the resurrection there is neither Marrying nor giving away in Marriage, but that they shall be like the angels in Heaven." The notion, however, though thus corrected by the highest authority, still prevails, and will be found in many good Christians, especially in those of a warm poetical mind, who utter it in elegies and in epitaphs; and I doubt not that where there is a lasting love Marriage, it would be exceeded.

ceedingly distressing to both of the parties to be convinced that when death does them part, their union is dissolved for ever, and that they shall thenceforward exist as separate and unconnected beings. I know the passage of scripture which I have now quoted gave myself a painful solicitude, till I considered that our Saviour could only mean to say that in the world to come there is not marriage as in this world, as the states of being are so different. But

that this does not preclude that refined union of souls, that celestial intimacy, which from peculiar attachment by friendship, and love in this life, may subsist in a higher state of perfection in the life everlasting. Dr. Price's dissertation upon the reasonable hopes which we may entertain of enjoying the society of our friends in a future state, is one of the most comfortable works of that worthy man.

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

A Concise History of the Proceedings of the First Session of the FIFTEENTH Parliament of Great Britain. Begun and holden at Westminster, on Thursday the 31st of October, 1780. (Continued from our last p. 87.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Thursday, February 15.

M^{R.} *Burke* in a long speech, recapitulated his former arguments in favour of a plan of economy by a reduction of the king's civil list expences, and attempted to strengthen them by enforcing the example of the king of France, who, by abolishing six hundred and six useless officers, had found a resource for carrying on the war, without laying an additional burthen on his people. He called upon his majesty's ministers to consult their own honour and their sovereign's glory, by advising him to part with some of the pageantry of royalty, in order to lessen the weight of the taxes upon his people. He then moved for leave to bring in a bill to regulate the expences of his majesty's civil list establishment, &c. exactly in the same form as the motion of last year. *Mr. Duncombe*, the new representative for Yorkshire, after being lavish in his commendations of *Mr. Burke* seconded the motion.

Lord North rose up to inform the house that he had insurmountable objections to the bill, but that he would not oppose the motion for bringing it in, because he thought it right that the new members who had not heard the subject debated in the last parliament, and as the bill now prepared to be brought in is a copy of that which has been rejected, he thought considering the good principle of the bill, he ought not in point of decency, to give any opposition to its introduction, but when it came to be debated, he should as an individual oppose it in every stage, though he owned there was a very inconsiderable part of it he should be ready to adopt. The question being put, leave was granted to bring in a bill.

Monday Feb. 19.

An humble address to his majesty was

voted, that he would be graciously pleased to order the proper officers to lay before the house, copies of the rules of practice of the supreme court of judicature in India.

Mr. Burke brought in his bill which was read the first time, and after a short debate on the fixing the day for the second reading, the house divided upon the question, whether it should be the Thursday or Monday following, when it was carried for Monday by 99 votes against 77.

Captain Minchin moved "That there be laid before the house a state of the fleet under Admiral Darby, in the beginning of December last, distinguishing the rates of the several ships, the number of men, &c."

Lord North objected to the motion before the purport of it was explained, upon which *Capt. Minchin* declared it arose from information he had received of Admiral Darby's insufficiency to face the French fleet, which had obliged him, upon meeting the enemy, to retreat into port.

Mr. Bamber Gascoyne, one of the lords of the Admiralty, and the *Lord Advocate for Scotland* spoke against the motion, and generally against all enquiries into the actual state of our fleets under sailing orders, as tending to interrupt our naval operations; they likewise condemned the present motion, as it was intended to accuse the commander in chief in his absence of retreating from the enemy. *Mr. Gascoyne* asserted that Admiral Darby had been but once in sight of the enemy, which was towards night, when he did not think it prudent to attack them, without being able to ascertain their numbers, especially as his own fleet had been weakened by the damage and dispersion of some of his ships.

Mr. Fox and *Admiral Keppel* defended the

the motion, the former declaring with great warmth, that Admiral Darby had seen the enemy three times, and had shunned them, which had occasioned great discontent amongst his officers. Admiral Keppel made a remark upon copper bottomed ships; he said they gave additional strength to the navy, and that seventeen such ships were not to be reckoned as so many common ships; and he reproached Lord Sandwich with having refused to sheath only a few ships with copper at his request, when he had since ordered the whole navy to be sheathed.

Mr. Oldsworth informed the house that Count D'Estaing had but twenty two ships of the line, when he was met by Admiral Darby, or perhaps not so many, as the Indiamen might be mistaken for two deckers; and therefore he thought it a great misfortune to this country that so fair an opportunity was lost of coming to an engagement, for which reason he should support every motion for an enquiry into the admiral's motives for retreating. The question being then put, it was rejected upon a division by 97 votes against 63.

In a committee of supply, the following resolutions were carried without opposition.

That 15,487*l.* be granted to Duncan Campbell, Esq. to maintain the convicts.

That 22,222*l.* be granted to make good the like sum issued by his majesty in pursuance of addresses, to indemnify the foreign ambassadors and other persons for the damages they sustained by the riots in June last.

That 30,999*l.* be granted to his majesty to replace the deficiency of the like sum issued out of the sinking fund, towards the supplies of the last year.

191,664*l.* for the like purpose.

193,663*l.* for the like purpose.

222,745*l.* for the like purpose.

57,000*l.* for the support of the American refugees.

Tuesday Feb. 20.

Upon bringing up the report of the above resolutions, Sir George Yonge complained of the sum granted for the maintenance of the convicts; he understood that the measure was only an expedient, till a better plan for dispersing of them should be adopted, and he called upon the ministry for satisfaction upon this head.

Sir Grey Cooper informed the house that no other plan had been offered, and as that the increase voted this year, was owing to the appointment of a chaplain and some other necessary officers.

Mr. Byng complained of the votes for supplying such large deficiencies to the sinking fund without producing specific ac-

counts to the house, how those deficiencies arose; and Sir George Yonge observed that the subject had been discussed the preceding evening, when there were only five or six members present in the committee.

Sir Philip Jennings Clerke found fault with the pensions granted to American refugees, many of whom he said deserved a halter instead of a pension, for having given false informations to the king's ministers, by which they were induced to begin the American war.

Lord North said that none of the refugees had pensions exceeding the incomes of the offices they held under government in America before the war, unless in some cases where the parties had lost a considerable fortune besides their places, and had large families to support.

His lordship then accounted for the deficiencies to be made good to the sinking fund; he said they proceeded from deficiencies in the taxes on made wine, and on houses; but he should propose a plan on a future day to make them more productive. The report was then agreed to.

The Secretary at War moved for leave to bring up the report from the committee on the mutiny bill.

Mr. Fox hereupon mentioned his design to have moved the recommitment of the bill, on account of the word *Ireland* being left out, but as the house was very thin he declined it.

Mr. Burke said, he was not surprised, as we were accustomed to give away the dependence of our subordinate dominions, that so great a star as Ireland should be driven from the orb, without any notice having been taken of it. One bright star was driven after another from our political heaven, one light was put out after another, and all was night. An independent army was established in Ireland: this was a weighty concern, especially as the liberty of this country was involved in it.

The Speaker now informing the house that though the report should be brought up immediately, it did not follow that they must agree to it directly, for the consideration of it might be postponed to another day; it was resolved to receive the report, and to take it into consideration on the Friday following.

Thursday, Feb. 22.

Lord George Germaine moved that the thanks of the house should be given to the Reverend Dr. Burnaby, for his sermon preached before the house on the preceding day, being the day appointed for a general fast, which motion passed unanimously.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IF *gasconading*, which in plain English means downright lying by wholesale, was confined to the province from which it derives its softer appellation, I should not trouble you with my observations on the subject, or with the request which you will find to be the object of this note, but really, Mr. Editor, it is now become so general a practice in all parts of this kingdom, and upon all occasions, to fib, and that commonly with a view of being thought of more consequence in life, by uttering of falsehoods, than by adhering to truth, that it is very difficult to get at the true character and situation of any man or woman, under fifty years of age, with whom you are not most intimately and strictly connected. An ingenious author in a little tract upon *lying*, has divided *gasconades*, or lies, into two classes; *white* and *black* lies, the first, he considers as acts of folly, the second, as crimes, which ought to be punished by the civil magistrate. *White* lies are such as only expose the relator to extreme ridicule and contempt when detected, but from their very nature cannot possibly do any injury to the individuals to whom they are related. *Black* lies are those, which are calculated to destroy the reputation, lessen the credit, or affect the property of our neighbours. Too many of our fair countrywomen it is to be feared are guilty of telling *black* lies, under the milder denomination of *scandal*, but as they do not always intend the mischief which ensues from their readiness to circulate false reports, we may blend the two classes, and set down these female detractors as gossips, who deal in *black* and *white* lies.

For the honour of our country, the author of a *black* lie, is so universally detested, and so totally exiled from all honest society, as soon as he is found out, that the commission of this crime is not common, amongst men, who have received a liberal education; a late instance of a character of this cast, being openly branded in a court of judicature, as an incompetent evidence, will perhaps render a disposition to this vice still more obnoxious than ever.

LOND. MAG. March 1781.

But, sir, the herd of *Gascons*, or *white* *lyars*, is almost innumerable, and it is not a very agreeable thing to be eternally deceived by false representations and false appearances, though we are not thereby injured either in our persons or properties. Yet, in every coffee-house, in all public places, and in many private families, you meet with young men and women, the would-be *fine gentlemen* and *ladies* of the age, who make no scruple to insult your ears and understandings, with the most improbable, absurd *lies*, concerning themselves and their connexions that can be uttered.

One of these swaggering blades, lately entered the London Coffee house in boots, decently be-mired, and calling to the waiter, for what he wanted, in the style of a nabob addressing his slaves, seated himself by me, and after a few preliminary, trifling questions, asked me, if it was true, that the tax was to be taken off from post, and hired horses; I replied, it was so reported.—I am glad on it, by G—, returned my *Gascon*, for it has forced me to purchase, and keep a horse of my own, for which I paid a round sum, but I would not sell him for less than a cool hundred. By mere accident, I had been let into the true history of this genius: lately discarded from the accounting-house of a relation on whom he was dependent, he was actually lounging from place to place, till his friends could procure him some office, with a stipend sufficient for the scanty maintenance of a single man; and really was not in circumstances to hire a horse for half a day; much less to purchase one; but concealing my disgust and my knowledge of him, he ventured one step farther, and told me, what an excellent chace the stag had afforded them, that is to say, the king and himself, and the rest of the royal hunt, in Windsor-Forest, the Saturday before our meeting. Unable to contain myself any longer, I rose hastily, with my newspaper in my hand, to remove to another box, and *en passant*, left him this query to digest. Pray, young gentleman, will it not be expedient to sell your horse, even if you should

should get less than one hundred guineas for it, and to shoe yourself, instead of wearing splashed boots, when you become an *extra* porter at the Post-Office? It would have been too cruel to have enjoyed his confusion, for he was unable to reply, and therefore I retired, and only watched his motions. Instead of a second insolent call upon the waiter, he walked up to the bar, deposited his *three pence* for a glass of brandy and water, and made a pitiful retreat. A friend of mine met with another of these gentry, who had the impudence to frequent the theatres, to which he gained admittance by orders, and to strut along the streets with an enormous cockade in his hat, which was cocked in the military taste; he gave himself out to be a captain in the Somersetshire militia, but my friend, who had the birth, parentage, and education of the young man by heart, unfortunately happened to mention in a publick room where some officers were present, that this pretended captain did not possess five pounds a year in landed, nor he believed, in personal estate, and was, not long since, a chemist's apprentice, but being of too volatile a turn for business, his friends had bought out his time, and as a dernier effort were now trying to get him out to India in the capacity of a cadet. The officers astonished at his effrontery, laid a plot to send him to the Tower, on pretext of a review of the artillery by Lord Townshend, where he was scarce arrived, when he was accosted by a regulating captain, who asked him what right he had to wear a cockade, and not being answered to his satisfaction, he ordered him on board the tender, from which he was not released till the next day, upon the application of his relations, who were requested not to permit him to wear the military insignia till he arrived in India.

I could supply you with many more anecdotes of a similar nature, and strictly true, and if I were to pass over to the female line, I could produce a regiment of amazons, as far as scarlet habits, beavers and feathers can make them so, who never mounted a horse in their lives, who would faint at the report of a pistol, and yet are seldom to be seen in petticoats, and assume the masculine air, insolence, and indecen-

cy of troopers. But I am diverted from my design by conscious inferiority, having this moment read over such a truly laughable account of French gasconades in a new publication intitled *The Mirror*, that I instantly determined to close my own narrative, and to desire you to insert it for the benefit of our bucks and buckesses, who deal in *white lies*, whether distinguished, as fashion holds the rein, by the gentler terms of *hums*, *guns*, or *bores*; if after reading it with attention, any Englishman is mean enough to adopt the wretched follies of the French Gascons, I hope the sensible part of his countrymen will treat him with the utmost contempt, and be as much ashamed of being seen in the company of such a person, as if he were a notorious swindler or a pick-pocket. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

The Old Man, in the brown Coat,
Ludgate-street, March 8, 1781.

* * In compliance with the request of this correspondent, we once more take the liberty to trespass on the authors of *The Mirror*, of whom we take our leave this month in our Review.

ON ROMANCING IN CONVERSATION.

To the Author of The MIRROR.

SIR,

WHEN I was in Languedoc, many years ago, I had an invitation to a great entertainment given by the *Intendant* of the province. The company was very numerous; and several foreigners happening to be present, the natives vied with each other in displaying their own importance. The conversation happened to turn on the campaign of *Marshal de Villars* against the people of the *Cevennes*, and some of the guests were old enough to remember the events of those times.

"*M. de la Tour le Colombier*, my father (said an old lady) had connexions with many of the most considerable Calvinists; and after their defeat, he generously afforded an asylum to *Mons. Cavalier*, and three hundred and sixty-four of his followers. They were concealed among old ruins, in a large forest which lay behind my father's *chateau*, and composed part of his domains. None of the servants of the family

family were let into the secret, excepting one of my own maids, a sensible girl; she and I went every day, and carried provisions to the whole band, and we dressed the wounds of such of them as had been wounded in the action. We did this day after day for a fortnight, or rather, if I remember right, for near three weeks."

I took the liberty of observing, that the provisions necessary for so many mouths, might possibly have been misused in the family, and that this might have led to a discovery. "Not at all (replied she) my deceased father always made a point of living handsomely, that was his hobby-horse. But indeed I recollect, that we were once very near being discovered. The wives of some of the fugitives had heard, I know not how, that their husbands lay concealed near my father's mansion. They came and searched and actually discovered the lurking place. Unfortunately they brought a good many children along with them; and as we had no eatables fit for the little creatures, they began to pule and cry, which might have alarmed the neighbourhood. It happened however, that *M. Cavalier*, the general of the refugees, had been a journeyman pastry-cook before the civil war. He presently made some *prune tarts* for the children and so quieted them. This was a proof of his good-nature, as well as of his singular presence of mind in critical situations. Candour obliges me to bear this ample testimony in favour of a heretic, and a rebel."

We had scarcely time to draw breath after this story, when a mean-looking, elderly man said, with the affectation of modest dignity, "I had the honour to be known to *Marshal de Villars*, and he was pleased greatly to over-rate my services. On a certain occasion, he did me the honour to present me with a horse of the unmixed Arabian breed, and a wonderful animal it was." Then addressing himself to Lady W——, "I much doubt, *mi ladi*, whether it could have been matched in your country, so justly celebrated for fine women and horses.—One evening, while I was in garrison at *Pont St. Esprit*, I took him out to exercise. Being in high spirits and excellent wind, he went off at an easy gallop, and did not stop till he brought me to the gates of *Mont-*

pellier (between twenty and thirty leagues from *Pont Esprit*) and there to my great surprise, I found the dean and the whole faculty of medicine in their gowns to receive me. The dean made a long harangue in Latin, of which, to say the truth, I understood not one word; and then, in name of his brethren, put into my hands a diploma of doctor of physic, with the usual powers of curing and so forth. He would have had me to partake of an entertainment prepared for the occasion; but I did not choose to sleep out of garrison; so I just ordered my horse to be rubbed down, gave him a single feed, mounted again, and got back to *Pont Esprit*, as they were shutting the gates. Perhaps I have dwelt too long on the praises of my horse; but something must be allowed for the prejudices of education. An old captain of cavalry is naturally prolix, when his horse chances to be the subject of discourse."

"Pray, Captain (says one of the company) will you give me leave to ask the name of your horse?"—The question was unexpected—"Upon my word (said he) I do not remember his name. Oh! now I recollect, I called him *Alexander*, after *M. de Villars*, the noble donor: that *M. de Villars* was a great man!" "True, but his Christian name was *Hector*"—"Was it *Hector*? then depend upon it, my horse had the same Christian name as *M. de Villars*."

My curiosity led me afterwards to enquire into the history of the gentleman, "who always made a point of living handsomely," and of the old horse officer, whom *M. de Villars* so much distinguished.

The former was a person of honorable birth, and had *served*, as the French express it, with reputation. On his quitting the army, he retired to a small paternal estate, and lived in a decent way, with most scrupulous economy. His *chateau* had been ruined during the wars of the League, and nothing remained of it, but one turret converted into a pigeon-house. As that was the most remarkable object on his estate, he was generally known by the name of *M. de la Tour le Colombier*. His mansion-house was little better than that of a middling farmer in the South of England. *The Forest* of which

his daughter spoke, was a *copse* of three or four acres, and the ruins in which *Cavalier* and his associates lay concealed, had been originally a place of worship for the protestants; but was demolished when those eminent divines Lewis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, thought fit that all France should be of one religion; and as that edifice had not received consecration from a person episcopally ordained, the owner made no scruple of accommodating two or three calves in it, when his cow-house happened to be crowded; and this is all I could learn of *M. de la Tour le Colombier*.

As for the old horse officer, he had served with *eclat* in the corps established for repressing smugglers of tobacco. This recommended him to the notice of the farmers-general; and, by their interest, he obtained an office that gave

him a seat at those great tables to which all the world is invited; and he had lived so very long in this station, that the meanness of his original seemed to be forgotten by most people, and especially by himself.

These ridiculous stories, which excited mirth when I first heard them, afterwards afforded matter for much serious reflexion.

It is wonderful that any one should tell things impossible, with the hope of being credited, and yet, the two personages, whose legends I have related, must have entertained that hope.

Neither is it less wonderful, that invention should be stretched to the utmost, in order to persuade mere strangers, to think highly of the importance of the relater.

I am, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP is a bond, or tie, or union of two hearts, which morally, may be reckoned far more delicate and superior to all others in the world, the true definition of which is no easy task. There is nothing so perpetually in people's mouths as the term Friendship, although I conclude it would be less used if it were better understood, and it is by much the more scarce, because it requires that it should be not only unmixed with all manner of vice and corruption in the heart, but that it should be founded and strengthened by a certain perfection of virtue, without which it is impossible it should cement or continue.

To form a true Friendship there requires a great similarity in the inclinations and dispositions which prompt us to partake of and enjoy the felicities of its object as well as to share the burthen of its sorrows: but there seems to be the same difficulty in finding two hearts that are similar enough to constitute a lasting Friendship, as there is to find in all the world, a couple who match exactly in shape and feature. However, it is most likely to take place betwixt those who have arrived at the same pitch of virtue, and it can never subsist in the perfect degree it ought, unless it has this and

religion for its guide and basis. It has the power when united to these by a reciprocal division of our afflictions, to extinguish the grief and oppression they bring with them, which is lessened by a mutual discharge of the effusions of our sorrow, which we should otherwise cherish and suffer to grow up into misery and discontent.

Self-interest, dishonesty, and deceit are perfectly inconsistent with friendship, they render it corrupt and break its chain. The least tincture of vice, want of rectitude, and disregard for truth changes its complexion and alters its nature; because one blemish or deviation from truth has the power to infect and ruin the whole system; the pleasures also accruing from a remembrance of former felicities is lost and destroyed, and every beautiful scene vanishes from our eyes, and the breach is usually too wide to admit of a second union, but is like broken glass which cannot be joined in the same uniformity as before, and the flaw will still be remembered and in view; although the joining may be ever so skillfully performed; the least duplicity or effort to deceive in *one*, produces caution and suspicion in the *other*; from thence follow formalities, and, in time, distance, disregard, and abhorrence

1781.

rence. The true Friendship, when the attachment is once formed, remains immoveable and subject to no diminution or decay; for, having disinterestedness, esteem, and affection for its

conductors, it has no inducement to loose or shake off the objects on which they are employed, but is always encreasing.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. ON TIME.

Pay no moment but in purchase of it's worth,
And what it's worth? ask *death-beds*, they can tell.

Night Thoughts.

DR. Young, with no little propriety, observes

At *thirty* man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at *forty* and reforms his plan;
At *Fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same.

How frequently do we hear persons say, Well, if I had my time to live over again, I would not live as I have done, but, alas! how few improve the time *present*, or endeavour to answer the grand and important ends of their creation, *viz.* their Maker's glory, their own eternal happiness, and the good of their fellow-creatures;—lured by the pleasures of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the splendour of nobility, or drawn aside by the snares of evil company, the temptations of Satan, and the desires of the flesh, the multitude are wholly employed in pursuing happiness, but mistaking the shadow for the substance, are as frequently enveloped in the clouds of error, uncertainty, and confusion; well

may the scriptures of divine truth declare, *it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.*

The longer we live in the world, the more we must know of it, and the more the *Christian* knows of it; the less he must like it; in this respect it is much the same in *spirituals* as it is in *temporals*, the more a *good* man knows of himself, the less he likes himself, but, oh! how different is it concerning *God!* the more we know of *Him*, the more we must love him and wish to be like Him in all his imitable perfections; so on the same plan, the more we know of the worth of *Time*, the more shall we be desirous of improving it, especially when we consider that Time is a talent which the great Lord of all will call us to an account for at the last great day.

*A moment we may wish, when worlds
want wealth to buy.*

THE RURAL CHRISTIAN.

TAYLOR THE WATER-POET'S DESCRIPTION OF A COACH,

And the Manner of riding in it (in his Time) in JAMES the First's Reign.

IN the year 1564, one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches into England, and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman; for indeed a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement: some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples in which the Cannibals adored the Devil: but at last those doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade; so that now all the world may see they are as common as whores, and may be hired as easy as knights of the post.

The cart is an open transparent engine, that any man may perceive the plain honesty of it; there is no part of it, within or without, but is in the continual view of all men. On the contrary, the coach is a close hypocrite, for it hath a cover for all knavery, and curtains to veil or shadow any wickedness; besides, like a perpetual cheater, it wears two boots and no spurs, sometimes having two pair of legs in one boot, and oftentimes (against nature) most preposterously it makes fair ladies wear the boot; and if you note, they are carried back to back, like people surprized by pirates to be tied in that miserable manner,
and

and thrown over-board into the sea. Moreover, it makes people imitate sea-crabs in being drawn sideways, as they are when they sit in the boot of the coach; and it is a dangerous kind of carriage for the commonwealth, if it be rightly considered; for when a man shall be a justice of the peace, a serjeant, or a counsellor at law, what hope is it, that all or many of them should use upright dealing, that have been so often in their youth, and daily in their maturer or riper age, drawn aside continually in a coach, some to the right-hand and some to the left; for use makes perfectness, and often going aside willingly, makes men forget to go upright naturally.

And if it be but considered in the

right cue, a coach or caroach are mere engines of pride (which no man can deny to be one of the seven deadly sins) for two leath of oyster wives hired a coach on a Thursday after Whitsuntide, to carry them to the Green Goose fair at Stratford the Bow; and as they were hurried betwixt Aldgate and Mile-End, they were so bemadam'd, bemistress'd, and ladyfied by the beggars, that the foolish women began to swell with a proud supposition or imaginary greatness, and gave all their money to the mendicant canters: insomuch that they were fain to pawn their gowns and smocks the next day to buy oysters, or else their pride had made them cry for want of what to cry withal.

THE BLIND WOMAN OF SPA.

(From the Countess de Genlis. See our Review of New Publications.)

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Aglebert, the wife of a shoemaker.

Jennet,

Mary,

Louisa,

} Mrs. Aglebert's daughters.

Goto, a blind woman.

*Lady Seymour, an English lady.

Felicia, a French Lady.

Father Anthony, a Capuchin friar.

The Scene lies at the Spa.

SCENE, FIRST.

The Stage represents a Walk.

MRS. AGLEBERT, JENNET.

Mrs. AGLEBERT, holding a bundle.

LET us stop a little, the weather is so fine!

JENNET.

We are almost at home mother, and if you will give me leave, I will carry the bundle which encumbers you.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

No, no, it is too heavy. It is our provision for to-morrow and Sunday.

JENNET.

There is nothing but potatoes!

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Well, Jennet?

JENNET.

For these eighteen months we have had no other food but potatoes.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

My child, when people are poor—

JENNET.

You was not so eighteen months ago mother? We made such good bread and pies, and cakes.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Ah, if you knew my reasons! But Jennet, you are too young to comprehend these things.

JENNET.

Too young! I am almost fifteen.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Your heart is good, and I will tell you all one of these days.

JENNET.

Ah mother! tell me now.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Hush, I hear a noise, here are some ladies coming.

JENNET.

Ha, mother!

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

What is the matter?

JENNET.

It is she; it is the lady that gave my sisters and I, our new gowns.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Did you not go and thank her this morning?

JENNET.

Yes, mother.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Now let us begone! and the rather as our poor blind girl Goto has not had a walk to-day, and I dare say is

* Lady Spenser, mother to the Duchess of Devonshire.

in expectation of your coming. Come, you shall lead her to the Capuchin garden, where I will join you when my work is done. Come then.

JENNET.

I will follow you, mother. (*Mrs. Aglebert goes before, Jennet slackens her pace. Lady Seymour and Felicia pass by her, without observing her. Jennet looks at Felicia and says*) She did not see me; I am sorry for it, because I greatly love her. (*She runs to overtake her mother.*)

SCENE II.

LADY SEYMOUR, FELICIA.

Lady SEYMOUR.

THERE is no moving a step in this place without meeting some unhappy wretches! It grieves me to the heart.

FELICIA.

You have such sensibility! besides, I think in general, the English women are more compassionate than we; they have less whim, less coquetry; and coquetry stifles and destroys every worthy sentiment.

Lady SEYMOUR.

What you said just now reminds me of an incident with which I was struck this morning. You know the Viscountess Roselle?

FELICIA.

A little.

Lady SEYMOUR.

I met her about two hours ago in the square; there was a poor old lame beggar asked her for charity, and told her his family were dying for want and hunger. The viscountess hearkened to him with compassion, and pulling her purse out of her pocket was going to give it to him; when unfortunately a person with caps and feathers to sell, drew near. He opened the band-box, and the viscountess no longer heard the complaint of the old man, but with coldness and inattention. However, to get rid of him, she threw him a trifle and purchased the whole contents of the band-box.

FELICIA.

I am sure your ladyship relieved the old man.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Hear me to the end. The poor man picked up the money, exclaiming, *My wife and children shall not die this day!* These few words kindled some emotions in the heart of the viscountess which is

naturally good and humane; she called back the old man, and after a moment's reflexion, said to the person with whom she had been dealing, you may charge me more for these things I have just now taken, but you must give me credit; the proposal was accepted, and the purse given to the unhappy old man, whose joy and surprise almost made him expire at the feet of his benefactress. Seated under a tree and concealed by the covered walk, I could easily attend to this interesting scene, which has furnished me with abundant matter for reflexion.

FELICIA.

You should take a journey to Paris, and since you are fond of making reflexions, we will supply you with many other subjects. You will there see for instance, that we value ourselves on imitating you in every thing, except one, I mean benevolence. We carry all your fashions to the extreme, we take to your customs and manners; but we have not yet adopted that generous custom universally established with you, to raise subscriptions for encouraging merit, or relieving the distressed.

Lady SEYMOUR.

So you mimic rather than imitate us, since you make no mention of what renders us truly valuable; and by overdoing our customs and manners, you turn us into ridicule.

FELICIA.

I hope in time you will communicate some of your virtues to us, as you have already given us your manners. But, my lady, to continue this conversation more at our ease, will you go to the mountain where we shall find shade?

Lady SEYMOUR.

I cannot, for I must wait the coming of a person whom I appointed to meet me here.

FELICIA.

Will your business delay you long?

Lady SEYMOUR.

No, I have but one word to say. Ha, here he comes!

FELICIA.

So, it is Father Anthony! I can guess the motive for such an appointment. You want to be informed where you can best do a generous action, and for such a purpose the venerable Father Anthony is worthy of your confidence.

Farewell,

Farewell, my lady, I shall expect you on the mountain.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Where shall I find you?

FELICIA.

In the little temple.

Lady SEYMOUR.

I will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

(*Felicia goes out.*)

SCENE III.

Lady SEYMOUR, Father ANTHONY.

Lady SEYMOUR.

POOR Father Anthony, with how much pain he walks; what a pity he is so old, he has an excellent heart! Good day to you, Father Anthony; I have been waiting for you an hour.

Father ANTHONY (*a nosegay in his hand.*)

I did not care to leave home without a little nosegay for your ladyship, and I had not a rose: but at last one of our brothers gave me a couple. These carnations, however, are from my own garden.

Lady SEYMOUR.

They are very fine.

Father ANTHONY.

O, as to carnations I fear nobody. Without boasting, I have the finest carnations! but, my lady, you have not been to see my garden since I have had carnations in blow!

Lady SEYMOUR.

I will certainly go. But in your public garden there is always such a number of people, and I am so unfashionable. But, Father Anthony, let us talk of our affairs. Have you found out a family for me that are very poor, and very worthy?

Father ANTHONY.

I have found one. Ah! my lady, I have found a treasure: a woman, her husband, five children, and in such want!

Lady SEYMOUR.

What employment is the husband?

Father ANTHONY.

He is a shoemaker, and his wife makes linen; but she is a woman of such piety and virtue. She is the daughter of a school-master; she reads and writes; she has had an education above her station in life. Then if you knew the charity of which these people are capable, and the good they have done. Ah, my lady, they richly deserve your fifty guineas.

Lady SEYMOUR.

You give me great pleasure, father; well!

Father ANTHONY.

O, it is a long history. In the first place the husband's name is Aglebert. But will you go to his house. You must witness it to believe all.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Hear me, father; come back to this place in two hours, and we will go together to these good people, but in the meantime tell me their history in two words.

Father ANTHONY.

In two words! It would take me three quarters of an hour for the bare preamble; and what is more, I never could tell any thing in two words.

Lady SEYMOUR.

So I find. Well, father, farewell till the evening, I hear people coming toward us, and we shall be interrupted.

Father ANTHONY.

And for my part, I have some little business; but I will be here with you by seven.

Lady SEYMOUR.

You will find me here. Farewell, Father Anthony.

Father ANTHONY *makes some steps and returns.*

My lady, you will come and see my carnations, won't you?

Lady SEYMOUR.

Yes, Father Anthony, I promise you, you may depend upon it.

Father ANTHONY.

O they are the worthiest people!

Lady SEYMOUR.

Who, your carnations?

Father ANTHONY.

No, I was speaking of the worthy Agleberts. It is a family of God. (*He moves some steps, turns back, and speaks with an air of confidence.*) Then I have one variegated red and white; 'tis a non-such in Spa.

Lady SEYMOUR.

I will certainly go and see it to-morrow.

Father ANTHONY (*in going out.*)

Farewell, my lady; what a worthy action you are going to do this evening! (*He goes out.*)

Lady SEYMOUR.

The Agleberts and the carnations make extraordinary confusion in his brain. To relieve the poor, and cultivate his flowers, make the sum of his pleasures

1781:

THE BLIND WOMAN OF SPA.

121

pleasures and his happiness. The greatest virtues are always accompanied with the most simple desires. But I must go and find Felicia. Ha, what a sweet pretty girl!

SCENE IV.

LADY SEYMOUR, JENNET, GOTO, MARY.

JENNET, *leading GOTO to the bottom of the stage, where she stops and sits down.* MARY her sister comes forward to look at Lady SEYMOUR.

MARY.

No, it is not she.

Lady SEYMOUR, *looking at her.*

She is charming. Come hither my little dear; what are you looking for?

MARY, *making a courtsey.*

It is that—I took you for a very good lady, and who is likewise very amiable, and I find I am mistaken.

Lady SEYMOUR.

But perhaps I am good too, as well as your lady.

MARY, *shaking her head.*

Oh!

Lady SEYMOUR.

You do not believe it?

MARY.

The lady gave me a gown.

Lady SEYMOUR.

O, that is another affair. Is that it you have now?

MARY.

Yes, madam, and then I have a fine cap which I shall wear on Sunday. And my sister Jennet, and my sister Louisa have new gowns.

Lady SEYMOUR.

And all from the good lady?

MARY.

Yes, indeed.

Lady SEYMOUR.

What is her name?

MARY.

I never saw her till this morning, and I have forgot her name, but she is a French lady, and lodges at the Prince Eugene.

Lady SEYMOUR.

O, 'tis Felicia. And are your sisters as pretty as you?

MARY.

There is Jennet below.

Lady SEYMOUR.

That young girl who sits knitting?

MARY.

Yes, that is she.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Who is that with her?

LOND. MAG. March 1781.

MARY.

It is Goto, our blind woman.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Who is your blind woman?

MARY.

Marry, our blind woman, as my mother calls her, whom we walk with, and lead about. As to me, I have only led her these three months, because I was too little, and still I am not allowed to lead her in the streets for fear of the crowd.

Lady SEYMOUR.

She is surely one of your relations?

MARY.

Yes, a relation very possibly. I don't know, but my mother loves her as much as she loves us; for she sometimes calls her, her sixth child.

Lady SEYMOUR.

It is very right to take care of relations, especially when they are infirm. What is your name?

MARY.

Mary, at your service.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Well, Mary, come and see me to-morrow morning, I live upon the terrace at the large white house, and bring your blind woman with you, I shall be very glad to be acquainted with her.

MARY.

O Goto is a very good girl.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Farewell, Mary, till to-morrow.

(*She goes out.*)

SCENE V.

MARY, JENNET, GOTO.

MARY.

HERE is another good lady. I'll lay a wager she will have a gown made for Goto; she loves blind people, I see that. I am very glad of it, I shall keep my pretty apron, but if it had not been for this, I would have given it to Goto. Ah! there they come. They want to know what the lady said to me.

JENNET.

Mary, tell us who that fine lady is, that was talking with you?

MARY.

Is she not a pretty lady? She lives upon the terrace; I shall go there to-morrow and lead Goto with me.

JENNET.

Not alone, there are too many streets.

MARY.

Yes, to be sure, and in the streets too. The fine lady said I was tall enough.

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enough to do that. She knows these things very well, perhaps.

GOTO.

Mary, you are not strong enough to support me.

MARY.

O, to be sure. But it is because you love Jennet better than me. That is not fair.

GOTO.

Alas! my children, I love you equally; you are all so charitable!

JENNET.

Well, Mary, I will only lead Goto through the streets without entering the lady's house.

MARY.

No, no, you shall come with us: don't be uneasy; but going along the road, Goto shall likewise lean upon me. Let her promise me that, and I shall be satisfied.

GOTO.

Yes, Mary, yes my girl. Poor dears, God will bless you all.

MARY.

By the by, Goto, are you our relation? The lady asked me, and I did not know what answer to make.

GOTO.

Alas! I am nothing to you, and I owe you every thing. But Heaven will reward you.

MARY.

What is it then you owe us, Goto? Is it, that it is a trouble to us to take care of you! It is with such good will. O! I wish I was but big enough to dress, serve, and lead you, like my mother and Jennet.

JENNET, *low to Mary.*

Hold your tongue, you vex her; I believe she is crying.

MARY, *going to the other side of GOTO taking her by the hand.*

Goto, my dear Goto, have I said any thing that gives you pain? Are you offended?

GOTO.

On the contrary, my dear children, your good hearts make me forget all my sorrows.

MARY.

O! We are very happy then. But I hear my mother's voice, it is she and Louisa.

SCENE VI.

MARY, JENNET, GOTO, Mrs. AGLEBERT, LOUISA.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

There they are. Jennet, we were

looking for you; come, it is time to go home.

JENNET.

O mother, allow us to work here half an hour longer.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Very well, I have no objection. Mary, go and fetch my wheel, and bring some work for yourself at the same time. *(Mary goes out.)*

LOUISA.

And for me, mother?

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

You shall stay with Goto, in case she wants any thing; you shall execute her commissions. You must accustom yourself to be of use as well as your sisters. Come, let us sit down. *(She draws a form and sits down; she takes Goto by the hand and places her between herself and Jennet.)*

LOUISA, *to Jennet.*

Sister, give me your place, I must be there to serve Goto.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Sit down on the ground by her.

LOUISA.

With all my heart. *(She places herself upon her knees at Goto's feet.)*

JENNET.

Mother there is your wheel: *(Mary gives her mother the wheel, who begins immediately to spin: Jennet knits; Mary sits upon a large stone in the corner near the form, by the side of her mother, and hems a handkerchief; and Louisa takes some violets out of the pocket of her apron to make a nosegay.)*

Mrs. AGLEBERT, *after a short silence.*

Mary, is your father come home?

MARY.

No, mother.

JENNET.

Is he not gone to the Capuchin convent?

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Yes, to speak with Father Anthony.

MARY.

O, Father Anthony has fine carnations!

LOUISA, *crying.*

Ah, Goto, you have thrown down all my violets by your turning, on the ground.

GOTO.

Forgive me, my dear child. I could not see them.

LOUISA, *still crying.*

My God, my violets.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

What is the matter, little girl?

LOUISA.

THE BLIND WOMAN OF SPA.

1781.

123

LOUISA.

Marry, she has thrown down all my violets. So she may gather them up, and that too. *(She throws away the nosegay she had begun, in a passion.)*

JENNET.

O fy, Louisa.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Louisa, come hither. *(Louisa rises, and Mrs. Aglebert takes her between her knees.)* Louisa, are you angry with Goto.

LOUISA.

Yes, she has thrown down my violets.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

We shall talk of that by and by, but in the first place, take my wheel and carry it home.

LOUISA.

With all my heart, mother. O, it is too heavy, I cannot even lift it.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Well, Louisa, I will no longer love you, since you cannot carry my wheel.

LOUISA, crying.

But, mother, I have not strength; is it my fault?

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

So you think I am wrong to desire it?

LOUISA.

Yes, mother, you are wrong. And then you know very well that I am too little to carry that great ugly wheel.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

It is very true, I know it; but don't you likewise know that Goto is blind? Can she see your flowers, and can she help you to gather them up?

LOUISA.

Well, I was wrong to cry, and to be provoked with her.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Is she not sufficiently unhappy, poor girl, not to see; to be blind from her birth?

GOTO, taking Mrs. Aglebert by the hand.

Ah! Mrs. Aglebert, I am not unhappy; no, your goodness, your charity.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Don't speak of that, my dear girl. Hear me, Louisa, if you do not look upon Goto as your sister, I will no longer look upon you as my child.

LOUISA.

I love Goto very well, but however, she is not my sister.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

It pleased God to make this poor girl fall quite helpless into my hands; was it not to say to me, there is a sixth child which I give you?

JENNET.

O yes, just the same thing.

MARY.

I likewise can conceive that.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

And Louisa too will be able to conceive it in time: goodness of heart must come with reason. My dear children there is no such thing as content, without a good heart; I repeat it to you, and desire you will remember it. Your father and I have worked hard, and have had a great deal of trouble, but by always doing our duty, life passes smoothly; and then one good action consoles us for ten years of toil and vexation.

MARY.

Mother, I think I hear some ladies coming.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Very well, let us be gone.

JENNET.

Mother, mother, it is the French lady.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

No matter, let us go home. Come, put back the bench. *(They all rise.)*

SCENE VII.

MARY, JENNET, GOTO, LOUISA, Mrs. AGLEBERT, Lady SEYMOUR, FELICIA.

Lady SEYMOUR.

FATHER Anthony is not yet come. Ha! there are the young girls, of whom we were just now speaking.

FELICIA, to Jennet.

Is that your mother?

Mrs. AGLEBERT, making a courtesey.

Yes, madam—and I proposed to go to-morrow to thank you, madam, for your goodness to my children; but I have been so busy yesterday and to-day.

FELICIA.

This blind girl is one of your family, no doubt?

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

No, madam.

GOTO.

No, but it is the same thing.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Jennet, take my wheel. Let us go, lest we disturb the ladies.

Lady SEYMOUR.

I beg you will not go away. I have something to say to you. *(Low to Felicia.)* She seems to dread our questions about the blind woman. It is somewhat singular.

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FELICIA,

FELICIA, *low to Lady Seymour.*

I made the same remark. (*Aloud to Mrs. Aglebert.*) What is your situation in life, your business?

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

I spin and make linen.

Lady SEYMOUR.

And is your work sufficient to support your family?

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Yes, madam, we have wherewithal to live.

FELICIA.

That day however when I met your daughters on Annette and Lubin's hill, I was equally struck with the poverty which was evident from their dress, and with their charming figures. And you yourself don't seem to be in a more prosperous state.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

It is true we are not rich, but we are content.

Lady SEYMOUR, *to Felicia.*

Does not she interest you?

FELICIA.

Beyond expression. (*To Mrs. Aglebert.*) You have three charming little girls there. (*All the three courtesey.*) Have you any more children?

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

I have two boys likewise, thank God.

GOTO.

And I, whom she entirely supports.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Ah, Goto!

Lady SEYMOUR.

How?

GOTO.

It is to these worthy people I owe every thing. This family of angels, lodge, feed, clothe, and serve me, who am a poor infirm girl, frequently sick, and always useless. I find in them a father, mother, brothers, sisters and servants, for they are all equally disposed to do good offices, all equally good, equally charitable. Ah, ladies, they are angels, real angels whom you see before you.

FELICIA.

What, is it possible! O Heavens!

Lady SEYMOUR.

Surprise and compassion have struck me motionless.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

My God! what we have done, was so natural! This good girl had no other resource; we could comfort and help her; could it be possible to abandon her?

MARY, *low to Jennet.*

Why are these ladies so very uneasy at this? See, they are in tears.

JENNET.

It is because they are surprised at it; but, however, there is no reason.

FELICIA.

Be so good as to let us know the particulars of such an affecting story.

LADY SEYMOUR *to Mrs. Aglebert.*

How did this poor girl fall into your hands?

GOTO.

We lodged in the same house, when an old aunt of mine, who took care of me, and upon whose labour I subsisted, happened to die, and with her, I lost every means of support. I fell sick, and this dear good woman came to see me; she began by sitting up with me, paying a doctor for me, making my drinks, in short, serving me as my nurse. When I recovered she took me home to her house, where I have been treated these two years as if I had been the eldest daughter of the family.

FELICIA, *embracing Mrs. Aglebert.*

O incomparable woman, with such a soul, into what a condition has your destiny placed you.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Let me too embrace her.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Ladies, you make me ashamed.

Lady SEYMOUR *to Mrs. Aglebert.*

Tell us your name, that respectable name, which shall never be effaced from our remembrance.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

My name is Catharine Aglebert.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Aglebert! It is she whom Father Anthony mentioned to me. Do you know Father Anthony?

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Yes, madam, he came to our house this morning, and this evening has sent for my husband, but I don't know what he wants with him.

GOTO.

I met him yesterday at the Capuchin gardens; he asked me some questions, and I told him my whole story.

FELICIA.

But how comes it that your story is not known to all the people in Spa? How is it possible that such an instance of virtue and benevolence should remain unknown.

GOTO.

Because Mr. and Mrs. Aglebert have never

1781.

THE BLIND WOMAN OF SPA.

125

never mentioned it; besides, I am frequently sick, and of course confined to the house a part of the year, and Jen-net, who takes care of me, leads me, by her mother's desire, to the walks which are the least frequented; and when she observes people coming, she leads me a different way. It is only when she is greatly hurried with her work, that I am taken to the garden of the Capuchins, which is near at hand, and that has only happened three or four times.

Lady SEYMOUR to Felicia.

Here is virtue in all its lustre, and we enjoy the inexpressible happiness of discovering and contemplating it in all its purity. Simple, sublime, natural; without vanity, without ostentation, and finding within itself, both its glory and its reward.

FELICIA.

Ah! who can see it in this light without paying their adorations? Who can look upon this woman without feeling a delightful emotion of respect and admiration!

Lady SEYMOUR.

And that conformity of disposition, that general agreement for the good of the whole family! And that girl, the affecting and virtuous object of so many kindnesses, how she expresses her gratitude, how she is penetrated with whatever she ought to feel! No, nothing is wanting to complete the delightful picture.

MARY.

O mother, I think I see Father Anthony.

LOUISA.

I am glad of it, for he always gives me a violet.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Stay, Mrs. Aglebert, and we will go home with you presently.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Madam.

S C E N E VIII.

MARY, JENNET, GOTO, LOUISA, Mrs. AGLEBERT, Lady SEYMOUR, FELICIA, Father ANTHONY.

Lady SEYMOUR.

COME, Father Anthony, come, I fancy I have discovered the treasure you spoke of to me.

Father ANTHONY.

Just so, there they are; it is Mrs. Aglebert. Well then, my lady, you know her history?

Lady SEYMOUR.

I know all.

Father ANTHONY, to Mrs. Aglebert.

Mrs. Aglebert, learn to know and thank your benefactress. Lady Seymour wanted to give fifty guineas to the most worthy family in Spa, and her choice has fallen upon your's.

GOTO, raising her hands to Heaven.

O my God!

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Fifty guineas! No, madam, it is too much; there are a number of worthy people in Spa, still more needy than we. My neighbour, Mrs. Savard, is a worthy woman, and in such misery!

Lady SEYMOUR.

Very well, I will take care of Mrs. Savard, I promise you. Father Anthony shall give you fifty guineas this night, and I will add a hundred more, as a portion for Jen-net.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

O, my lady, it is too much. It is too much indeed.

GOTO.

O God! is it possible. O where is this good lady, that I may embrace her knees. Jen-net, where is she? (*Jen-net leads her to Lady Seymour's feet.*)

FELICIA.

Poor girl, how affecting to see her! And you, my lady, you must be happy! GOTO, laying hold of Lady Seymour's robe.

Is this she?

Lady SEYMOUR, reaching her hand to Goto.

Yes, my girl!

GOTO, throwing herself at her feet.

Ah, madam, I will pray for you all the days of my life. You have made the fortune of this respectable family, but you have done still more for me. I owe to you their content, and the only happiness poor Goto can find upon earth, which is the knowledge of these worthy people being made as happy as they deserve. I have nothing more to wish, and now I can die satisfied.

Lady SEYMOUR, raising her up and embracing her.

O, I conceive your happiness, and enjoy it with transport.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

We shall all join, madam, in our prayers to Heaven for you, while we live.

JENNET.

O yes, indeed.

MARY.

And with all our hearts.

LOUISA.

LOUISA.

And I too.

Lady SEYMOUR.

Pray then that it may preserve to me a feeling heart; you prove to me that it is the most precious gift Heaven can bestow.

Father ANTHONY.

My lady, I just now came past Vauxhall, where they are playing and dancing, but I will wager, the pleasures of the people who are there, are not equal to those you have been just now tasting.

FELICIA.

How they are to be pitied, if the happiness we have been enjoying is unknown to them!

Lady SEYMOUR.

Come, let us go home with Mrs. Aglebert, I am impatient to see her husband.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Madam, you are very good, but we live so high!

Lady SEYMOUR.

Come and conduct us; with what pleasure shall I enter that house, which contains such virtuous inhabitants!

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

My God, Father Anthony, speak for us: I am so surprised, so affected, I do not know how to express myself.

Father ANTHONY.

Come, come, my lady's heart can see into your's. But, Mrs. Aglebert,

there is one favour you must obtain for me with my lady; it is to come and see my garden when she leaves you.

Lady SEYMOUR.

That is but just, and I promise you I will.

Father ANTHONY.

My lady, you very well deserve the finest recreation in the whole town, and you shall have it this night.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

If I durst offer my arm to the ladies.

Lady SEYMOUR.

With all my heart, my dear Mrs. Aglebert.

Mrs. AGLEBERT.

Jennet and Mary, take care of Goto.

FELICIA.

Come, let us lose no time, let us go to see the man who is worthy of such a wife and such children. *(They go out with Father Anthony: Goto and the three little girls let them go on before.)*

GOTO.

May God bestow his richest blessings on that good lady!

MARY.

How amiable she is!

LOUISA.

How beautiful she is!

JENNET.

Is it possible, to be so good and not be beautiful. Now they are past. Come let us follow them. O, my father, how happy shall I be to witness his joy!

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. No. XXIV.

ON KNAVERY.

MY eyes and thoughts are constantly wandering to gather in fresh subjects for my papers, in which pursuit I do not neglect the trivial, any more than the important, when they fall in my way. I am sensible that all the subjects of grandeur and sublimity have been handled by much abler pens. It is therefore left for such as myself to glean up those inferior ones, which they have overlooked and rejected; and to endeavour to strike from them, some sparks of morality; and if I can be happy enough, from such a compound and weight of dross, to extract but a grain of useful metal, it is sufficient; my end is answered: besides, in the choice of these my low subjects, I imitate the skilful naturalist, who

when he has drawn what virtues are to be found from fruits and flowers, will not neglect to search for something useful also, amongst the weeds; and it is hard if he cannot find some dormant property in them, which may benefit mankind. But in these low topics it will be my business to strip and cleanse them of their filth, and to hand them with as much decency and propriety, as possible, to my readers. As I was one day passing through St. Paul's Church-Yard with *Will Meekly*, a young companion of mine, who is of a very compassionate turn, we were intercepted by a vast crowd of rabble, in the midst of which we perceived a man in convulsions and great agony, with the symptoms of death in his face; this

this spectacle raised pity enough in my friend to render him personally all the assistance he could, in which office he was assisted by two others, who were very diligent in keeping down his legs (which were full of sores and bandages) that they might receive no harm from his struggles: this scene continued for some time, when at length my friend seeing the poor man's agitations were abated, and that he was in a fair way to revive, privately slipped half a crown into his hand, and recommending him at the same time to the care of the two strangers, retired from the crowd.

We then turned down a narrow passage, and my friend being rather too much oppressed with the sight of the poor man's misery, searched for his handkerchief to wipe away a tear, but found he had no such thing; he therefore concluded he had lost it in the crowd, but searching further he found he was also stripped of his pocket-book, snuff box, and watch. This was a hopeful encouragement to charity and compassion, however Will bore it patiently, and dried up his eyes. We then called upon an acquaintance, talked over our loss, and chatted an hour, when we took our leave; but in our returning home again, passing through a dirty, obscure alley, our ears were annoyed by several voices mingled with very loud fits of laughter, and being struck with a little curiosity, we stopped to listen and satisfy ourselves from whence the uproar came. The first voices we distinguished were of those two who had been so officious in succouring the dying man, but our surprise was not a little increased, to see the dying man himself wiping his face with my friend's handkerchief; and we heard him say to the others, "D—n the young hound, I had no idea we should fleece him so easily. Perhaps you will wonder, continued he, how I got at his watch, but I whipt that from him in my first raving fit and plunged it down my bosom. However I was under great terror when he called for water to rub my face with, for as you know my scheme was to appear pale and lifeless, I had laid on too much of the white lead, which the water would have washed off; but I was just in time with my symptoms of recovery, and the dupe thought my senses so far recovered as to comprehend the

value of half a crown, which he stole into my hand and went away; and since we have so complete a victory we will now pluck out our booty, make a division and enjoy the fruits of our scheme." This was no sooner said than they all emptied their pockets upon a piece of timber in the passage, whilst our convulsed patient proceeded very busily to alter his dress and equip himself to represent some fresh affliction and disease; and at the instant he had put on an old black wig, clapped a patch upon one eye, and smeared his forehead with some blood which he kept in a phial, we gave a loud shout, frightened them from their prey, and they had all recourse to their heels; but I could not refrain from smiling, at our poor, innocent, afflicted, maimed patient, who ran in much more furious haste than his comrades, although if we might guess by the load of plasters on his legs, they were covered with ulcers and sores; however, this forgetfulness was very excuseable in a man who dreaded the gallows. So we very quietly picked up our property, and lost our thieves.

From this occurrence, my thoughts were immediately turned upon those inferior tricking modes of obtaining a maintenance, which are the offspring of laziness, and that make up the life of a knave.

Knavery is that mean, grovelling, spurious kind of cunning which may be called the very dregs and eruptions of wit, although it seldom subsists in any, but in proportion to their ignorance; and in this I confess myself to think with a celebrated French author, who says, "that the common practice of cunning is no sign of genius, but that this and treachery generally proceed from want of capacity;" for I am considering that in every man, whether with or without education, there is some talent or property which he exerts and employs either to acquire the necessities of life, or to gratify his inclinations and passions. Now, since the habit of sloth and laziness steps in and keeps him from using it, upon the more laudable pursuits of industry, diligence and honesty, and throws him out of the channel of virtue, this talent of his is confined to craft and knavery, which is a trade produced by idleness, and wherein he employs all his faculties to

turn the wisdom and industry of others to his own advantage, without partaking of its trouble, or the pains which are required to preserve a name and reputation. In short, this kind of craft works under the feet of wit and wisdom, which having no idea of such a creeping and inferior imitation is often subject to be tricked or overpowered by what it spurns at and despises.

There is no species of mankind wherein knaves are more multiplied than in our present set of beggars; this is a trade, of which the professors have a very good comprehension at six years old, and as it only requires idleness and vice for its guide, it naturally creeps into the disposition, and is fixed too firmly to be rooted out by any other method than the gallows. Now I am thinking with what terror we should be struck if we were suddenly persecuted with the plague, or by some miracle be overrun with wild beasts; what a bustle and perplexity we should be in, and what offers of reward would fly about for destroying them. And yet we rest quiet enough under the spreading evil which these vermin have introduced, who are every day adding to the mass of wickedness which nobody will stir a foot to check, although they are daily sharing the consequences; but in this instance, we act as if we thought it of less importance to remove these animals, who bear the human shape and who are trained up to rob us and cut our throats, than those, which in the destruction of us, only pursue their prey from an instinct of nature.

We have many more enormities in this town, the removal of which is of more importance than people are apt to think, and they are never the more warrantable or proper for their having been suffered to continue so long amongst us uncondemned, or put a stop to. However, I shall at present only instance two, which have given me the most disturbance, and those are the present vein of singing smutty, licentious ballads, and the descriptions in them further realized at the windows of the print-shops; this to be sure will be reckoned an unpromising subject, but if from a single trifling spark of fire we can foresee it will gradually extend and set our house in flames, it would be idle not to extinguish it and save our house: and this same kind of

prudence and caution should be used in the management of vice, which being checked in its infancy will be a means to prevent its spreading, and the destruction of those who have once suffered it to enter; and that man is but a stupid surgeon, who will wait till a cut finger becomes a gangrene before he attempts a cure. Therefore, in opposition to such negligence, I propose to shew in what degree such a custom is pernicious, and how far it introduces vice in younger minds, who from an inexperienced careless bent are the more open and exposed to harbour the grossest ideas of pleasure, which by the warmth of blood and the passions incident to our nature, are commonly too powerfully grafted to admit of a remedy. Our memories are never so strong and open, as in those representations of pleasure wherein the worst of our passions are awakened and agitated, and our whole attention is employed to get at the means to indulge them. We are restless and impatient till this is accomplished, and when once the infection has found its way there is no bounds to its expansion, for the vicious foundation is too firmly laid to be removed by the most beautiful descriptions of virtue, which becomes many degrees too feeble and insipid to be relished by those whose taste is corrupted, and who are wedded to vice and profligacy.

The lazy, vicious habit of our present set of vagrants in displaying their talent for singing ludicrous and licentious ballads about the streets, really calls for the public inspection. I had myself one evening, the curiosity to mingle with a crowd of this kind of idle gentry, in the midst of which was a woman singing what they call a *clever, humorous thing*, and though it was the most stupid and tasteless trash I ever heard, yet I presently found the nature of the subject was too attractive not to gather listeners, who seldom quitted her till they had bought or could repeat her ballad. Thus our youth being sent home with inflamed passions, and a picked pocket, make abundance of refinements upon what they have heard, and languish in secret to realize the scenes they have only heard described; this grows up with them and increases with their age, and thus the love of libertinism becomes

the means of extinguishing the love of every thing that is good and commendable. Fraud, lying, dishonesty, drun-

kenness, and blasphemy are its constant companions, and never leave them till it has effected their destruction.

Historical Deduction of the Political and Commercial Connexion between GREAT BRITAIN and the STATES GENERAL of the UNITED PROVINCES, from the Origin of their first Alliance to the present Time.

(Continued from our last, p. 74, and concluded.)

THE peace of 1678, which produced the famous defensive alliance between England and Holland, was as inglorious for England and the other powers engaged with her in the war against France, as it was advantageous to Holland. The destruction of the republic seemed inevitable, and in most of the courts of Europe, at the commencement of the war, it was firmly believed that she would be subjected to the dominion of France; yet by this peace, she gained a barrier firmly guaranteed, while the other powers that had interposed to save her from bondage, found themselves considerable losers, and were obliged to accede to the terms of general pacification proposed by France and Holland.

Having before observed, that the above-mentioned treaty is the basis of all the subsequent treaties between Great-Britain and the States-General down to the present time; it is proper, to mention in this place, that the States-General had entered into a defensive alliance of the same nature with France in 1662, and being soon after engaged in a war with England, had laid claim to the articles which stipulated for succours to be sent to the power attacked, and though the court of France remonstrated that the cause of the war originated in a dispute for territories out of the boundaries of Europe, and that the treaty only guaranteed the possessions of the contracting powers in Europe, the Dutch ambassadors carried their point, as soon as hostilities against their country were commenced by England in Europe, and France not only granted the succours stipulated by the treaty, but in conformity to another article, actually

LOND. MAG. March 1781.

declared war against England and became a principal in it, in order to defend her ally. This historical fact is very clearly stated in "A discourse on the conduct of the government of Great Britain, in respect to neutral nations*."

After this one would naturally expect that the Dutch government should be as ready to fulfil the faith of treaties, and to grant the succours stipulated for, to her allies, when attacked by formidable enemies, under every circumstance of treachery and injustice. The sequel of their history will shew, that whenever their safety was endangered, or their commercial interest at stake, they have effectively assisted Great Britain, to whose bounty they are indebted for the foundation of their republic, and for its preservation and prosperity.

In the important business of the glorious revolution under William III. no doubt can be made, that policy and interest dictated the support they gave to that prince, who was their stadtholder. It was at a crisis, when Louis XIV. was carrying his ambitious project of becoming the universal monarch or tyrant of Europe into execution, and the total annihilation of the Dutch republic was to be the first step towards the attainment of his wishes. But a revolution which deposed a King of England, who was the firm ally of Lewis, and placed upon the throne a prince of their country, the first member of their republic, at once secured to them a most powerful ally, and an unbounded influence with the people of England. It likewise engaged all the protestant powers of Europe in their interest, and occasioned the grand alliance

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* A pamphlet was written by the Right Hon. Charles Jenkinson, Esq. the present Secretary at War, and published in 1758, at which time many Dutch merchant ships were seized by order of the British government.

liance or confederacy of those powers for the preservation of the liberties of Europe, of which William was the chief. However, all these circumstances operating to preserve them once more from becoming provinces of France, were not sufficient to conquer that characteristic selfishness which has ever disgraced the Dutch people as a nation, and as individuals; in a word, "Gain is their god," as a French writer aptly expresses himself, and upon this occasion they verified the assertion; for they demanded such an exorbitant sum from the British government as a re-imbursement for the fleet and army they had lent to the Prince of Orange, to enable him to accomplish the revolution, that the prince himself was astonished at their effrontery: the parliament reduced the claim from *English* to *Dutch* pounds, which was nearly one half, and a spirited member of the House of Commons even contended, that it ought to have been *florins* instead of pounds.

In 1689, when William was firmly seated on the British throne, a new league was made with the States-General, in which former treaties of peace and commerce were confirmed; and it was further agreed, that in case the King of Great Britain should be attacked, the Dutch should assist him with 6000 infantry, and twenty ships of war; and if the territories of the States should be invaded, that England should supply them with 10,000 infantry, and twenty ships of war. This new treaty was made at the very time, that the States were actually on the point of being attacked by Lewis XIV. who had a victorious army in Flanders upon the frontiers of Holland; at a time when there was no prospect of any invasion of England, and just after the parliament of England had voted the sum of 600,000*l.* to re-imburse the Dutch for their expences in equipping the fleet and army that brought the Prince of Orange over to England. The treaty was hardly concluded, when Lord Churchill, then Earl, and afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, was sent over to Holland with 10,000 British infantry to re-inforce the Dutch army. Thus, we behold England almost in the same moment, pay-

ing for succours great part of which she was intitled to by the defensive alliance of 1678, and furnishing succours to her ally, on the actual faith of treaties.

The permanency and succeeding prosperity of Holland as an independent state were the consequences of the glorious war carried on by King William and his allies against Lewis XIV. and by the peace of Ryswick in 1697, they gained an advantageous separate treaty of commerce with France, detrimental to other commercial nations, but more especially to the English, who acquired no particular privileges in the ports of France, by a peace which their king had effected by the valour of his arms and the wisdom of his councils. In 1701, Lewis XIV. by accepting the will of Charles II. late King of Spain, appointing the Duke of Anjou his grandson to be his successor, violated the partition treaty which he had entered into with England and Holland soon after the peace of Ryswick; by which treaty, in order to preserve the tranquillity of Europe, he renounced, for his own family, all claim to the Spanish succession, in favour of the archduke Charles, second son of the Emperor. The Duke of Anjou however ascended the throne of Spain, with the avowed approbation and support of his grandfather, and Europe was again alarmed at the increased power of the House of Bourbon. In this situation of affairs Lewis, to keep the Dutch in awe, sent large bodies of troops into Flanders; they drew a line from the Scheld near Antwerp to the Maese, and another from Antwerp to Ostend,* and all the places nearest the frontiers of Holland were filled with artillery and warlike stores. The States-General thus circumstanced, though no hostilities had commenced, applied to King William for the succours stipulated by the treaty of 1678, and the king having communicated the letter to the House of Commons, it was resolved, "That they will effectually assist his majesty to support his allies in maintaining the liberty of Europe, and will immediately provide succours for the States-General, according to the treaty of 1678." The House of Lords likewise

* See the description of the sea-port towns and cities of Holland, &c. and the new chart of the coasts of Holland and England, in our Magazine for January, p. 8.

likewise addressed his majesty, requesting, "That he would not only perform the articles of any former treaty with the States-General, but that he would enter into a league offensive and defensive with them for their common preservation." What a glorious monument of British honour, probity and generosity! And how strikingly contrasted by the present infamous conduct of the Dutch! In the war that ensued, which lasted through almost the whole reign of Queen Anne, the Dutch bravely supported the common cause of the two nations united in policy, religion, and maritime interests. By the peace of Utrecht in 1713, the Dutch acquired a considerable increase of territory and of power. All former treaties between Great Britain and the States General were renewed; and an additional clause was added to the mutual guaranty of each others dominions in Europe; namely; that the States should assist and defend the succession of the crown of England, as settled by the act of the British parliament, on the house of Hanover. And upon the accession of Geo. I. this article, together with all former alliances were renewed. The rebellion in 1715, obliged the British government to claim the succours stipulated in the article of guaranty, and the Dutch readily complied, not being at that period under the influence of a French faction, nor corrupted by French effeminacy and luxury. From this time to the year 1745, Great Britain had no reason to complain of the conduct of the Dutch, they continued to be our firm friends and allies, the only political change imputed to them was a tardiness in declaring war, or taking any active measures against France, when the interests of their allies required it, as the means of preserving the balance of power in Europe. But when the unnatural rebellion broke out in Scotland against his late majesty, they acted a most perfidious part, which might have been productive of the most fatal consequences to England. Unable to withhold the succours stipulated by the defensive treaties of alliance, they sent over 6000 infantry, but took care to select them from regiments that had surrendered themselves prisoners of war to the French, in several garrisons of Flanders taken from the Dutch, and had

signed capitulations agreeing not to serve against the French during the war. As part of the pretender's army in Scotland consisted of French troops, their officers insisted that the Dutch forces should lay down their arms; fortunately however for England, the Hessian auxiliaries arrived at Edinburgh, just as this requisition was made, and the Dutch troops being useless were sent home. Yet scarce was the rebellion suppressed, when the States General being in imminent danger of losing all Dutch Flanders, demanded the assistance of England, and the victorious Duke of Cumberland flew to their succour, with 8000 British infantry, 18,000 Hanoverians, and 6000 Hessians, a force which exceeded not only their warmest expectations, but more than four times the number stipulated by the defensive treaty between the two nations. It was at this period, that corruption and degeneracy first manifested itself in the Dutch nation, and that some of the principal personages in the civil and military departments of government secretly sold themselves, and their country, as far as it depended upon them, to the French. The Duke of Cumberland was shamefully betrayed by the Dutch governors of the frontier towns, who perfidiously delivered them up to Marshal Lowendahl, the French general, and the same party for a long time prevented the election of a statholder; especially the *Amsterdammers*. But the common people exasperated at the loss of all their frontier towns in Flanders, rose in a tumultuous manner, and insisted upon the election of the late Prince of Orange, who was invested with the power and dignity of Statholder, Captain-General, and Admiral of the United Provinces. This change in the government produced an alteration in public affairs highly advantageous to the States and to their allies. The statholder had married the princess Anne, eldest daughter of his late majesty, and during the remainder of his life, the most perfect harmony subsisted between the two nations; and by the peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1748, all the former treaties of alliance were renewed, ratified and confirmed.

The Prince of Orange died in 1751, and with him expired the cordial amity that had so long subsisted between Great

Britain and the States-General. French intrigues and French councils distracted the surviving princess, who was appointed guardian of the infant statholder her son, that office having been made hereditary. Accordingly, in 1756, when Great Britain, being at war with France, was threatened with an invasion, Colonel (now Sir Joseph) Yorke, the British ambassador at the Hague, had orders to demand of the States, the six thousand infantry, which by treaty they were obliged to furnish to England, when attacked or threatened by any of her enemies. To the memorial presented by Colonel Yorke upon this occasion, they gave only evasive answers, representing the fears they were under from the French, whose ambassador, M. D'Affry, had presented a counter-memorial, asserting that as the English had been the aggressors, they had no right to demand the said succours; and at length, the British ministry to avoid an open rupture, which must be the consequence of an absolute refusal, consented to let the States remain neutral. This was perfectly agreeable to their inclinations, for they had now adopted a new system of policy, which was, under the shadow of neutrality, to carry on the profitable commerce of supplying the belligerent powers with naval stores, arms, ammunition, and provisions, and even of protecting the merchandise of those powers by lading and transporting them on board their ships. Instead therefore of remaining even the inactive friends of Great Britain, they became, in an indirect manner the allies of France; and notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of the British minister, they continued to carry on a commerce by sea with France highly detrimental to Great Britain. The consequence was, a general order to seize all Dutch ships having French property on board, and so conscious were the States-General of the illegality of the commerce in question, that they suffered the captured ships to be condemned as legal prizes, by our courts of admiralty, without making any appeal from their sentences. Notwithstanding the petitions of a large body of Dutch merchants to the States, complaining of the injuries and losses they had sustained by the seizure of their ships and merchandise,

and urging them to protect the honour of their flag by an armed force, no redress was obtained, and every individual was left to his own choice to carry on or discontinue the same illicit commerce with France, but through the mediation, and great influence of the princess governante no rupture took place between the two nations.

Having now given a faithful detail of the different line of conduct observed by the two powers from the commencement of an alliance, which on the part of England, was founded on the most generous and disinterested principles down to the peace of Versailles in 1763, it will be unnecessary to repeat the various injuries and insults the British government has received from the Dutch, since the commencement of the present war; copies of the memorials presented by Sir Joseph Yorke to the States-General, and of the manifesto which his majesty was obliged to publish in support of the honour of his crown and the rights of his people, having been given in their proper places in our Magazine for the year 1780, to which our readers are requested to refer. We cannot therefore close these papers, with greater satisfaction, than by congratulating our countrymen on the success of his majesty's arms in the conquest of St. Eustatia. It is not our wish to see Holland deprived of its independency, but having nothing to fear from any power, while she remained under the protection of, and true to the interests of Great Britain, we should be glad to see her humbled to a state of political penitence, and obliged to sue for a reconciliation with her antient friend and ally, rather than to be thrown into the arms of France, by the manœuvres of a domestic faction bribed to betray the republic to the house of Bourbon. Great reparations ought to be required for the irreparable injury she has done to Britain, by drawing other neutral powers into the *fatal* snare of introducing into the established maritime codes, a new article, that if generally admitted, must be the source of endless wars. The States-General ought to mediate with those powers, a renunciation of that absurd system, which assumes a right to make all merchandise free on board of neutral vessels. And it is to be hoped

hoped no peace will be granted to the false friends who have placed this stumbling block in our way, until the rights
Westminster, March 12, 1781.

and privileges of the British nation at sea, are restored to their antient footing.

T. M.

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Thursday, March 8.

THIS evening was performed, for the first time, a new FARCE, in two acts, called *Thelyphthora, or more Wives than one.*

The characters of the drama were thus represented:

Sir Peter Polygam	<i>Mr. Wilson.</i>
Export	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Fertile	<i>Mr. Whitfield.</i>
Young Export	<i>Mr. Robson.</i>
Sam	<i>Mr. Egan.</i>
Lady Polygam	<i>Mrs. Webb.</i>
Lydia	<i>Mrs. Wilson.</i>
Mrs. Export	<i>Mrs. Pitt.</i>
Gillian	<i>Mrs. White.</i>

The entire structure of the drama is founded upon Doctor Madan's *Thelyphthora*, the absurd doctrines of which, so far as they regard a plurality of wives, it exposes to ridicule.

The first scene discovers Fertile and Young Export, discoursing on the new system of a plurality of wives. The former appears a strong advocate for it, and is a good deal bantered by Young Export for assuming the character of a reformer; at length he acknowledges that he is only acting the impostor in order to win the good opinion of Sir Peter Polygam, an old battered rake, whose head is turned with reading *Thelyphthora*, and thus facilitate the success of his addresses to Lydia the baronet's daughter. The other tells him that he will find it difficult to carry his point, as he knows Sir Peter, though a debauchee, to be a very worldly man.

Fertile then tells him that he has opened another battery, and wrote to Sir Peter in the character of a Circassian merchant, proposing to conduct a *feraglio* for him, in which he is to have fifteen wives, all selected from the chaste vestals of Covent-Garden and King's-Place. Young Export now agrees to assist him in promoting his plot, provided his father can be made

a party in the ridicule, who it seems is infected with Sir Peter's malady, craving of wives in pluralities. As one of the leading maxims in *Thelyphthora* is, that the seduction of a virgin constitutes marriage with her, Fertile says, that he will send Gillian, a cook wench belonging to Export's family, to prove a marriage against the old man, celebrated in his own way; and both go off in order to accomplish it.

The next scene is Sir Peter Polygam's House, who comes in reading *Thelyphthora*. He selects several passages, on which he makes most whimsical comments, till he comes to a circumstance, which, if our memory fails not, is actually mentioned both by Lord Kaimes and Montesquieu; and that is, that in the kingdom of Bantam ten women are born to one man. His conclusion is very naturally drawn in favour of the new doctrine; to which he adds a remark upon Bantam Poultry, very whimsically turned. Lady Polygam next appears, when an altercation takes place about the book Sir Peter has been reading. Old Export and Lydia join them, when Sir Peter thinking that his wife and daughter take too great liberties with him, insists upon their silence, exclaiming, that, circumstanced as his family is, he has all the disadvantages of polygamy, without one of its comforts.

The next scene is the introduction of Gillian the cook, who proves her marriage according to *Doctor Madan* so clearly, that she is acknowledged in form.

The first act concludes with an interview between Fertile, Young Export, and Sir Peter Polygam; the two former in Turkish habits under the names of Nouredin and Hamet, the Circassian merchants, who had just imported a cargo of beauties for him.

The second-act opens with a courtship between Old Export and Lydia, which his wife overhears, and for which she gives him a very warm lecture.

lecture. Lady Polygam now receives a letter from Fertile in his own name, discovering the plot he himself had practised on Sir Peter, and thus wins her entirely to his interest. At length the amorous old baronet is discovered in a Turkish dress fitting cross-legged in the center of his fifteen wives, when several laughable mistakes take place in consequence of the ignorance and vulgarity of the fair Circassians employed to impose upon him. Previous to his throwing the handkerchief, a party of black mutes are introduced, in order to escort the chosen fair to the bridal court. Unfortunately one of them happens to be an Irishman, and makes a bull by speaking. The piece concludes by a discovery of the trick practised on Sir Peter, and the reconciliation of Lady Polygam and Sir Peter by means of Fertile, to whom both feign they owe considerable obligations.

Mr. Pillon, the author of this little piece, has the happy talent of catching the manners as they rise, and though the present farce has not met with the same general applause that was bestowed on his former productions, after undergoing a few alterations, it will probably run through the season, and the subject that gave rise to it, will by that time be totally forgotten.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Saturday, March 10.

THIS evening a new comedy called *Dissipation*, written by Mr. Andrews, was performed for the first time.

The characters were thus represented:

Sir Andrew Aicorn	<i>Mr. King.</i>
Alderman Uniform	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
Charles Woodford	<i>Mr. Brereton.</i>
Ephraim Labradore	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
Doctor	<i>Mr. Eannister, jun.</i>
Trusty	<i>Mr. Waldron.</i>
General	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
Auctioneer	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
Waiter	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
Lord Rentless	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Miss Uniform	<i>Mrs. Cargill.</i>
Judah	<i>Mrs. Smith.</i>
Miss Aicorn	<i>Mrs. Brereton.</i>
Lady Rentless	<i>Mrs. Abingdon.</i>

The plot or fable of this piece, if it may be said to have any, is briefly this:

Lord and Lady Rentless are in the highest sense of the term a fashionable, dissipated, ruined couple; Charles Woodford is a young man of fortune, and ward of Lord Rentless; Sir Andrew Aicorn, a country baronet, very rich, with only one daughter, betrothed to Charles; Alderman Uniform is represented as a grocer, but whom the rage of the times has induced to enter into the militia, and in the profession of arms, he forgets his business; he is an officer in Lord Rentless's regiment, and his daughter is a pert, forward girl, on whom his lordship has some designs; Ephraim Labradore is a money-lending Jew.—Sir Andrew comes up to town with his daughter for the purpose of celebrating her marriage with Charles Woodford, but on looking into his affairs, in order to make the necessary settlements, instead of finding him a man of fortune, as he had represented himself to be, discovers, from the accounts delivered by his guardian, Lord Rentless, that he is not worth any thing, his estate having been sold to discharge incumbrances on it, and the remainder of the money spent. This is like to break off the match, and Sir Andrew is about returning to Aicorn-Hall with his daughter, when an explanation takes place, by the interposition of the general, Lady Rentless's brother, and on his lordship promising to make good Charles's fortune, which he had applied to his own purposes, unknown to his ward, Sir Andrew being satisfied, consents to the union of the young couple. While, however, the above is carrying on, Lord Rentless is pursuing his affair with Miss Uniform, and prevails on her to meet him at a bagnio. Lady Rentless, whose diamonds his lordship had deposited with the Jew for a sum of money, in consideration of having them returned, engages also to meet Ephraim at a bagnio. In the mean time, while both parties are absent, Alderman Uniform calls on Lord Rentless, and being told where he is gone, comes to the bagnio to him, where he surprises him with his daughter, and who, in attempting to make her escape, opens a door, and discovers Lady Rentless and the Israelite. The parties assembled thus unexpectedly, make rather a ludicrous appearance. The alderman, however, walks

walks off with his daughter, and Ephraim whispers her ladyship that he hopes to meet her another time, but that she is not inclined to, having gained her purpose, viz. obtaining possession of her diamonds. The Jew, after being informed by Lord Rentless, that he is not displeased, walks off well satisfied it is no worse, leaving Lord and Lady Rentless, who after some compliments as to their respective amours, politely leave the bagnio together. While, however, the Jew is thus engaged, Lord Rentless's French

valet, putting on a suit of his master's clothes, and in the character of a French nobleman, repairs to his house, whose daughter Judah he makes love to, and carries off, with all her father's valuables, amongst which are the deeds of the estate of Charles Woodford, which had been deposited by Lord Rentless in the hands of Ephraim, as security for a sum of money, and which the valet restores to Charles at the conclusion of the piece.

This comedy was well received, and continues in possession of the stage.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

Anecdotes of JOHN PHILIPSON, Esq. who died lately in the Bastile.

ABOUT forty years ago he inherited an estate of near three thousand pounds a year from a long line of ancestors, part in Norfolk, and part in other counties. Nature gave him perhaps the greatest natural talents of any man of his age; his wit was unbounded, and his memory so retentive, that in the course of a long life, he never read the same book twice, yet never forgot any thing; and from once reading a poem of a thousand lines, would, three months afterwards, repeat it without an error. He was so familiar with the dead languages, that he wrote them off hand with great elegance. He spoke all the modern ones with the same fluency as his native tongue. He had a very elegant taste for poetry; and every external accomplishment served to set off one of the happiest persons that has been seen; and all these advantages of nature and fortune, he applied with the most unremitted diligence to the ruin of the female sex. With them he stuck at nothing to carry his ends; would never marry, but ruined more young women of family and fortune than any other man that ever existed; the writer of this account has heard of more than *twenty*, on good authority. In these pursuits he spent above seventy thousand pounds—fought eleven duels—and travelled, merely for such purposes, more than thrice the circumference of the globe. In this aim he was so indefatigable, that, to attain his end, he would undergo fatigue, hunger, thirst, and the loss of proper-

ty, health, and fame. At the age of forty-seven, he was not worth a shilling; but in order still to carry on his perpetual attacks on virtuous women (for he never would have commerce with any other) he put in practice such a series of contrivances, tricks, plans, schemes and counterfeits as brought him in, during seven or eight years, an income almost as ample as that he had lost; but being at length forced to leave London, he went to Paris, and for a few years succeeded as well there, till at last aiming at a game too high for his reach, he was apprehended under the pretence of crimes against the state, and thrown into the Bastile: he there debauched a virtuous girl, his keeper's daughter, and, as if his death was designed to take a tincture from his life, actually died in her arms!

The Answer of a just King to an unreasonable Petitioner.

JUDGE Dormer had married the sister of Mr. P——, who killed a gentleman very basely. The judge applied to George the First for his relation's pardon, owning at the same time that there was nothing to be urged in alleviation of the crime which P—— had committed, but he hoped that his majesty would save him and his family from the infamy his execution would bring on them. "Said Mr. Justice, (said the king) what you propose to me is, that I should transfer the infamy from you and your family to me and my family."

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION OF LANERKSHIRE, IN SCOTLAND.

(With a new and accurate Map.)

THE shire of *Lanerk*, called also *Cluydsdale*, is bounded on the north by *Dumbartonshire*. On the east by *Linlithgowshire*. On the west by *Renfrewshire*. On the south by the shire of *Dumfries*. It is called *Lanerkshire* after its county town, and *Cluydsdale* from the river *Cluyde*. Its longest extent runs from the south-east to the north-west points about fifty miles, and its breadth from east to west is about thirty miles. It is divided into two wards, the upper and the nether ward, the first being named the shire of *Lanerk proper*, and the latter the barony of *Glasgow*. *Lanerk* is mountainous, heathy, and proper for pasturage. *Glasgow* is flat, fertile, and productive of good corn.

The Dukes of Hamilton are hereditary high sheriffs of this shire, their second title is Marquis of *Cluydsdale*, and their third, Earl of *Lanerk*.

Though *Lanerk* is the ancient shire town, and a royal burgh, having a good market, and being the seat of a presbytery consisting of thirteen parishes, yet, at present it is but an inconsiderable place, remarkable for little more than a castle, which has been the paternal seat of the renowned family of *Douglas* upwards of one thousand years, and from time to time has been enlarged by so many additions, that it looks more like a little town than a castle. It is situated on the banks of the river *Douglas*, which falls into the *Cluyde* a little below the town of *Lanerk*.

GLASGOW, the capital of the nether or lower ward, is reckoned to vie with any city in North or South Britain, London and Edinburgh excepted; and being advantageously situated for commerce, it has totally eclipsed *Lanerk*. The city of *Glasgow* is built upon the declivity of a hill sloping by a gradual descent to the borders of the river *Clyde*, or *Cluyde*. About a third part of the houses however, are so near the river that they are exposed to its inundations. In the centre of the city is the *Tolbooth*, or Town-house, a noble stone edifice, rebuilt and completed in the year 1744. The market-place is a

large square before the town-house, and the four principal or high streets run from the square in the form of a cross, and divide the city into four parts; so that from the centre you have a distinct view of the whole. These streets are spacious and adorned with several public buildings, even the private houses have a striking appearance, being uniformly built with free-stone, generally six stories high, and supported by masonry, square *doric columns*. At the end of one of the streets, in the highest part of the city, stands the cathedral, a wonderful piece of architecture, dedicated to *St. Mungo*, who was archbishop of *Glasgow* about the year 560, and most probably the founder of the cathedral. It is divided into two churches, one over the other, so contrived by rows of pillars, which has a most singular and pleasing effect. It has likewise a remarkable high tower and spire, the loftiest in Scotland. Besides the cathedral there are five parish churches, all of them very neat, and ornamented with handsome spires. Being the seat of a presbytery, consisting of nineteen parishes, and the provincial synod assembling in this city, magnificent apartments are kept for their meetings. To add to the beauty of the city, it has a noble stone bridge over the *Clyde*, built upon eight arches, some of which are exceedingly spacious. But the chief ornament and boast of *Glasgow* is its University, it consists of only one college, but that is the most magnificent and spacious building of any of the same kind in the kingdom. It occupies two large quadrangles, and the front next the city, from which it is separated by a very high wall, is a lofty edifice of hewn stone, having a stately tower, there are likewise a great many turrets that adorn other parts of the edifice. The University was founded in 1450 by James II. King of Scotland, and the college was completed in the following reign by the great assiduity, and at the expence of William Turnbull, Bishop of *Glasgow*. But the first institution was very limited, consisting of only six professors, till the reign of James



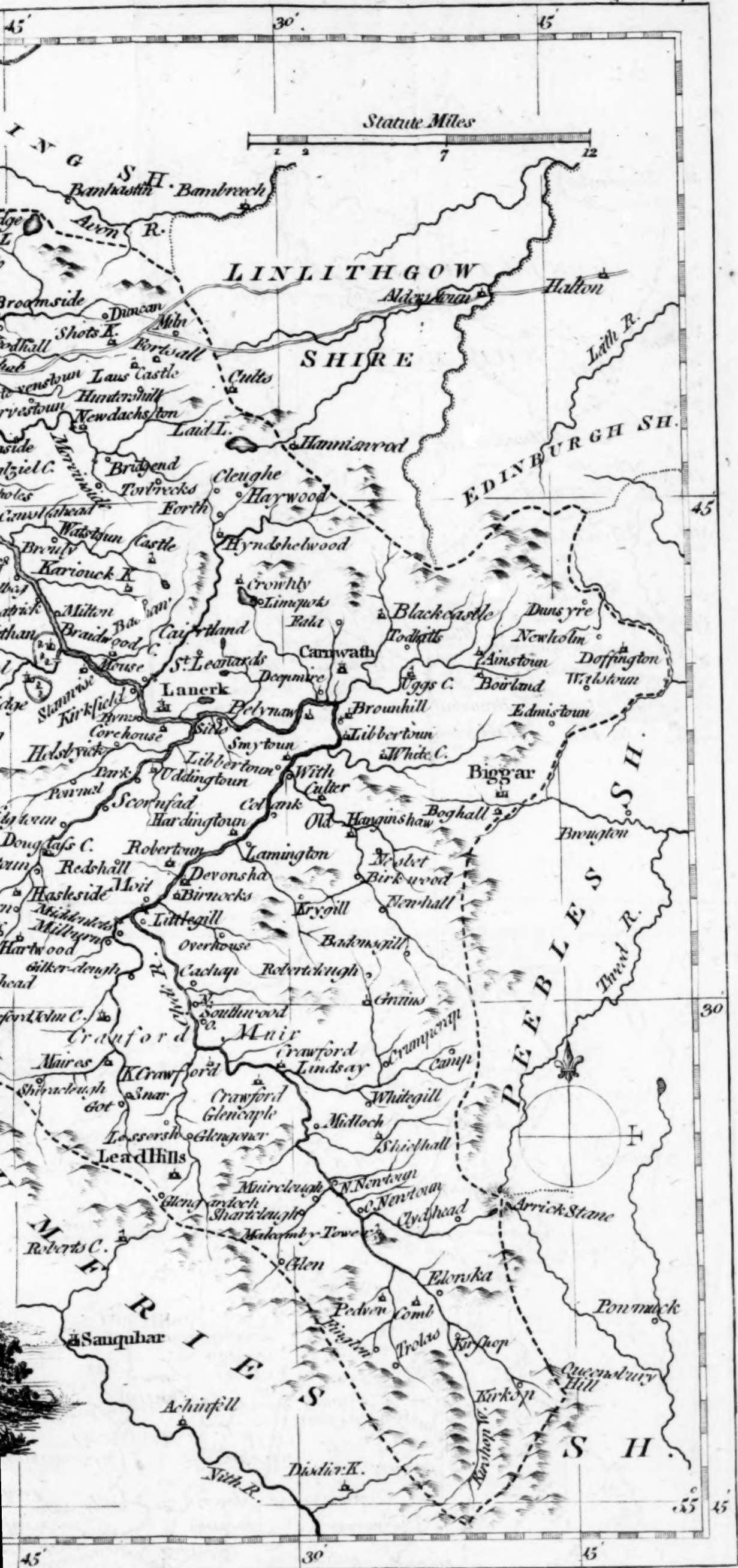
OF LANERKSHIRE, IN SCOTLAND.

(With a new and accurate Map.)

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large square before the town-house, and the four principal or high streets run from the square in the form of a cross, and divide the city into four parts; so that from the centre you have a distinct view of the whole. These streets are spacious and adorned with several public buildings, even the private houses have a striking appearance, being uniformly built with free-stone, generally six stories high, and supported by masonry, square *derie* columns. At the end of one of the streets, in the highest part of the city, stands the cathedral, a wonderful piece of architecture, dedicated to *St. Mungo*, who was archbishop of Glasgow about the year 560, and most probably the founder of the cathedral. It is divided into two churches, one over the other, so contrived by rows of pillars, which has a most singular and pleasing effect. It has likewise a remarkable high tower and spire, the loftiest in Scotland. Besides the cathedral there are five parish churches, all of them very neat, and ornamented with handsome spires. Being the seat of a presbytery, consisting of nineteen parishes, and the provincial synod assembling in this city, magnificent apartments are kept for their meetings. To add to the beauty of the city, it has a noble stone bridge over the Clyde, built upon eight arches, some of which are exceedingly spacious. But the chief ornament and boast of Glasgow is its University, it consists of only one college, but that is the most magnificent and spacious building of any of the same kind in the kingdom. It occupies two large quadrangles, and the front next the city, from which it is separated by a very high wall, is a lofty edifice of hewn stone, having a stately tower there are likewise a great many towers that adorn other parts of the edifice. The University was founded in 1450 by James II. King of Scotland, as the college was completed in the following reign by the great assiduity and at the expence of William Turnbull, Bishop of Glasgow. But the institution was very limited, consisting of only six professors, till the reign of James





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James VI. of Scotland and First of England, who in 1617, enlarged the establishment, and since that period, by various benefactions, the foundation has considerably increased; both as to the number of masters and students. Its archbishops, during episcopacy, were chancellors; at present, the Duke of Montrose, who has great power and influence in this and the neighbouring shires, enjoys that dignity. The principal, who is the first acting officer in the university, is vice-chancellor, and under him there are three professors of philosophy who are styled regents, from the share they have in the government of the college. The principal, regents, and masters have commodious apartments and genteel salaries; the scholars wear scarlet gowns, and are all lodged in the college, a privilege not enjoyed by the students at Edinburgh. The college library is well furnished with valuable books, and some scarce MSS. Sundry Roman stones with legible inscriptions, and some other antiquities dug up at *Kirkentilloch* in 1740, were removed to this university.

The river Clyde is navigable for small vessels up to the city, but those of burthen unlade at New Glasgow, situated at the mouth of the Clyde, and are transported from thence in lighters. A very considerable commerce with South Britain, and with foreign countries, is carried on from the port and city of Glasgow. Before the defection of the American colonies, the merchants of Glasgow employed a great number of ships in the export of their fish, and their linen manufactures to those colonies, particularly to Virginia, from which country they imported tobacco and sugars, partly for home consumption, and partly for re-exportation to Germany and the Baltic. The coasts of Portugal and Spain are likewise sooner made from Glasgow than from England, and their pickled herrings being esteemed nearly equal to the Dutch, they have a great demand for them at foreign markets. In justice to the inhabitants and their ancestors, let it be remembered, that the citizens of Glasgow, ever since the revolution, have distinguished themselves by their loyalty, and their zeal for the preservation of the protestant religion.

LOND. MAG. March 1781.

HAMILTON is the next town of any note in this shire, after Glasgow and Lanerk. It is situated nearer the conflux of the rivers *Avon* and *Clyde*, about nine miles from Glasgow; it is a pleasant, well built town, and has a good bridge over the Torn; but is chiefly remarkable for a magnificent palace belonging to the Dukes of Hamilton, from whose family it takes its name. The palace stands in the midst of a fertile plain, and being built with a fine white stone, nearly equal to marble, makes an elegant appearance, and the furniture is remarkably rich. The garden is singularly romantic, having seven terraces, which by winding paths descend almost to the river Avon, and it is inclosed within a park seven miles in circumference, walled in, and watered by the river running through the park.

BOTHWELL is a small town, about two miles and a half from Hamilton, on the opposite shore of the Clyde. It is scarce worthy of notice, except for a seat belonging to the family of Douglas, and a bridge over the Clyde, upon which a body of presbyterians, who rose against the oppressions of Charles the Second, were defeated by the Duke of Monmouth in 1679.

RUGLEN, or *Ruthergeren*, is a royal burgh, pleasantly situated on the west side of the river Clyde, about two miles distant from Glasgow. It has a weekly market, and gives the title of Earl to a branch of the Hamilton family.

Crawfurd town and castle needs only be mentioned, as it gives the title of Earl to the eldest branch of the antient family of Lindsey.

Lanerkshire in general, is a fertile and pleasant country, and being healthy, is well inhabited. It is however, more distinguished for its mines of lead and other minerals, and for coal, peat, lime stones, and wood, than for any other natural produce. Lapis lazuli has frequently been dug up in this shire, and sometimes gold ore has been found, but not in any quantity. We have before observed, that Roman stones have been dug up, and we shall conclude our account of this shire, by reminding the lovers of antiquity, that part of the famous Roman military way, called in history *Watling-street*, is still visible in some parts of this country.

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An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE V.

LETTERS, Moral and Entertaining. By Mrs. Cartwright. 8vo.

SOME general rules for the education of young ladies are laid down in these letters, and striking examples are given of the bad consequences of the foibles and errors to which young ladies are often early addicted, owing to a wrong bias given them in their education. Many objections to our boarding-schools are candidly stated, and the preference is given to a private education under an accomplished preceptress, a native of Britain. A sufficient knowledge of the two fashionable languages, French and Italian, it is justly observed may be acquired without consigning our daughters to the care of French or Italian masters or mistresses, neither is it necessary for them to travel for these branches of education, especially to a country, the cringing servility of whose inhabitants we misname *politeness*, and whose accomplishments are merely superficial.

Impressed with these ideas, Lady Goodville, the widow of an officer of rank, resolves to superintend the education of her two daughters; for this purpose she proposes to quit a rural retirement at some distance, and to settle in the environs of London. Writing to a female friend who has had more experience in the world, she receives from her the following advice. "To lessen the fatigue which must necessarily attend your constant attention to their studies, it will be proper to make choice of some prudent, affable, young person, perfectly skilled in the French and Italian languages, but a native of the British Isle, for to the elegance and douceur of the Parisians, I would wish them to unite the delicacy and purity of English women; for which reason I should look upon a person of French extraction, as much less proper for the honour of sharing with you the tender task of their instruction, than one who had acquired their language, without the ideas annexed." Such a young person though rare to be found, is introduced, being the daughter of a clergyman in the West of England, who leaves her at his death only a trifle, not sufficient to maintain her independently, but he has given her merit and accomplishments, which will procure her more happiness than all the wealth of Cræsus. How this clergyman became enabled to accomplish his daughter in the two modern languages we are not told; Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, are the peculiar studies of domestic clergymen, he should therefore have been made the chaplain or travelling tutor to some nobleman, or have had some opportunity of letting his

daughter travel—or receive an education either at some convent abroad, or some good school at home; instead of this, without even the introduction of a mother, she is represented, as acquiring all the talents requisite for the preceptress to young ladies of quality, from a country clergyman, her father, who has devoted to her improvement all the leisure hours of an exemplary life. It is not in this instance alone, there are many throughout the volume, which show that the lively imagination of Mrs. Cartwright overpowers reason and reflection; negligence may be admissible in novel writing, but in books written in the didactic style, and intended to influence the conduct of life, every sentence should be the fruit of severe study, every line the produce of deliberate reflection.

Several entertaining stories are introduced to enforce various moral principles, they are, to use one of her own favourite expressions, very amusing, but from want of attention they are likewise a little *delusive*. It is stretching the point too far, to suppose that Credulia's folly, in consulting a female fortune-teller, and becoming a dupe to the shallow plot of an artful maid and a sharper, should be the probable consequence of the maxim instilled into her mind by Belinda her guardian; which amounted to no more than this—when her father wanted her to pursue studies that would have improved her mind, or to attend to the necessary duties of her sex, such we suppose as needle-work, or the art of domestic economy, Belinda always replied, "that Credulia's genius was not that way turned, it led her to other studies; and to persevere in those in which fate ordained her not to shine, was as absurd as to strive against a stream." Would such a maxim drive a young lady headlong into a precipitate match with a disguised valet de chambre, almost at first sight, without any enquiry made about him, on the bare prediction of a fortune-teller? Fabulous histories, designed to inculcate precept by example should be drawn so near to the life, that the copy cannot be distinguished but by the most skillful artist, otherwise, sound reasoning, and elegant language in the form of a lecture, is much better than a romantic, improbable tale. The strictures on the choice of books; on envy; on the danger and absurdity of Platonic friendships; and, upon reading Rousseau's *Eloisa*, deserve the warmest commendations. The character of Benignus is highly finished, his adventures are interesting and exemplary, but if the work goes the second time to press, we hope she will revise the story of Elwood;

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his contrition might have been rewarded, and his circumstances have been made easy in some other way by Benignius—but after such just reflections as we find, upon the distressed situation of our inferior clergy, hundreds might have been found equally unfortunate—yet unstained with a crime committed (though repented of) in open violation of the laws of God and man—and the penitent, disobedient daughter, his wife, might have shared the benevolence of their generous benefactor—but to give the vacant living to Elwood, after a highway robbery, and to make a daughter who had clandestinely married him, and had been deserted by her father for this act of disobedience, the pattern of exemplary virtue and good conduct to a country parish, is a strange way of instructing young ladies. In fact, a pretty plot, and a happy *denouement*, seem to have made our authorefs forget that she was writing letters of advice to parents for the education of their daughters.

VI. *Exercises on Elocution, selected from various Authors, and arranged under proper Heads. Intended as a Sequel to The Speaker. By W. Enfield, LL. D. and Lecturer on the Belles Lettres in the Academy at Warrington.* 8vo.

THE *Speaker* was the first publication of this kind, and the utility of the plan together with the uncommon judgement displayed in the arrangement and choice of the pieces in that celebrated compilation, insured its success, and produced a very happy effect, for by means of a general circulation and approbation, it at last found its way into our public schools, and gave rise to declamations in our own language, which had been before shamefully neglected. Having passed through several editions, and other compilations calculated to answer the same purpose having appeared, Dr. Enfield has thought proper to present to the public a new set of exercises on the same plan as the first, and we are happy to find that the same studious attention in the classical arrangement of his subjects is continued in the sequel, which has all along given his compilations a manifest superiority over other similar publications. It is not the bare selection of the most excellent passages from our best authors in prose and verse, that will improve the young pupil in reading and speaking. It is absolutely necessary that he should be directed how to distinguish the different species of composition. This is the only way to make them masters of a fine style, and a just delivery. The new exercises are divided into seven classes; viz. *Narrative Pieces—Didactic—Argumentative—Descriptive—Pathetic—Dialogues—Orations and Harangues.* Each of these classes contains fresh exercises in prose and verse, and the variety of authors from which they

have been extracted is considerably extended. We have but one improvement to suggest in any future editions of *The Speaker*, and the *Sequel*, which is to distinguish more particularly each species of poetry. We do not think it sufficient with respect to poems, only to mention that they are narrative, pathetic, &c. Youth, not under the eye of a learned lecturer on the *Belles Lettres*, should be told, which are epic—eclogues—epigrams, &c.—and the measure of the verse. Dr. Enfield has done more than his competitors, but he will not regret any addition to his labours, if he thinks it will render them more beneficial to young persons, whose real interest he has so warmly at heart. It is almost needless to add, that great care has been taken in the present collection, to provide useful lessons of instruction, which must impress upon their minds the sentiments of honour and virtue. The octavo impression, being more suitable for gentlemen's libraries, than for schools, a duodecimo is likewise published for the use of the latter.

VII. *Sermons preached at Lincoln's Inn; between the Years 1765 and 1776, by Richard Hurd, D. D. Lord Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, and late Preacher of Lincoln's Inn. The second and third Volumes.* 8vo.

A certain air of negligence has, by degrees, pervaded the conduct of men of high rank and eminence amongst us, which certainly deserves candid censure. To depart from established rules and customs in the transactions of human life, without assigning valid reasons, in as much as it puts others to any inconvenience, without benefiting ourselves, is not commendable. The bishop in one of his sermons, on this text, *I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil*, strongly recommends an observance of those necessary *decorums* which the world has a right to expect from us, in our respective characters and stations; yet he seems to have forgot his own precepts, by his singular mode of publishing his sermons, and his capricious arrangement of them.

The first volume of these sermons appeared in 1776, and though the masters of the bench at Lincoln's Inn requested that all the sermons he had preached, during eleven years that he officiated to their society, might be printed and published, he suffered four years to elapse before he produced the second and third volumes; and when published, we find a total neglect of order in the arrangement of them. Vol. II. opens with a sermon preached in April 1766, he then goes back to 1765, then jumps on to 1772; he begins Vol. III. with a sermon preached in 1776; and the next is a sermon preached in 1767. One would naturally expect a connexion of subjects, or a dependency of one

sermon upon another to justify the derangement of chronological order, but no such cause appears; where he has given two sermons on the same text, they are placed as they were preached on two following Sundays; but as to the rest, he might have arranged them in regular succession from 1765 to 1776. His lordship has one remarkable passage, in his *first* sermon on the text above mentioned, which if it had struck him forcibly (as a minister of the gospel) when he was preparing his copy for the press, would have induced him to alter the mode of publication in another respect. This is the passage—"if a constant regard be had to ourselves, to our own character and circumstances, our virtues will then be most graceful; if to the exigencies of the times and places in which we live, most seasonable; and lastly, if to the persons, conditions, and characters of other men, they will thus become most attractive and efficacious."

Now as it is an undeniable truth that these sermons are calculated to convert the infidel, to confirm the Christian believer of every denomination, and to enforce sound morality, and as they contain many excellent precepts for the conduct of life—his virtue would have been most graceful, considering his own character and circumstances, most seasonable, regard being had to the exigencies of the times in which we live, and his instructions most efficacious (because more generally circulated) if instead of three spread out volumes, extravagantly dear, he had favoured the public with one volume from a smaller type, at a moderate price. Prelates should set the example of œconomy to others, and rival the methodists, and other fanatics, by selling orthodox divinity, when they think proper to publish it, on as easy terms, as the sectarists.

The pious and well-disposed Christian will take great pleasure in the perusal of these sermons, the major part of them being expositions of the mysteries of our holy faith, and of difficult passages in scripture, which have been misinterpreted; amongst these, is the famous case of the woman taken in adultery, the decision of which by our Saviour has made some men draw conclusions from it favourable to voluptuousness, while others of pure morals have doubted its authenticity. A new and clear light is thrown upon this subject, which demonstrates that the conduct of Jesus was the result of divine wisdom. In the sermon on the following text—"He that loveth silver, shall not be satisfied with silver," our ingenious author reprobates the sentiments of those poets and philosophers, who have given it as their opinion that it would have been happier for mankind if the precious metals had never been dug from the bowels of the earth. "Silver, or gold, says the bishop, is only

an instrument of exchange; a sign of the price which things bear in the commerce of life. This instrument is of the most necessary use in society. Without it there would be no convenience of living, no supply of our mutual wants, no industry, no civility, I had almost said, no virtue among men." But it is over-rating or misapplying the abundance of this instrument, that is to say, wealth, that produces in the world, the evils complained of. In a word, the miser, the spendthrift, and the too rigid censor, cannot read a better admonition than this sermon. All the discourses have the benefit of being very short, and intelligible, they are adapted to common understandings, and are appeals to common sense; they would therefore prove eminently useful to the great body of the people, if they were within their reach, but we do not think they will be so highly esteemed by men of letters and taste, as the importance of the subjects discussed certainly merit. The bishop is an orthodox, and a sound reasoner, but his precepts want the decoration of language; we scarce remember to have read a more homely style, in any modern production.

VIII. *The Mirror, a periodical Paper, published at Edinburgh in the Years 1779 and 1780. Reprinted at London 1781, in three Volumes.*

THIS agreeable, lively, and edifying miscellany is one of the many imitations of the Spectator, and of the very few that have succeeded. The great defect of our miscellaneous essayists, who have attempted to establish periodical papers on the plan of the celebrated Sir Richard Steele and his worthy associates, has been, the too serious turn of their compositions, a want of variety, or a pedantic, turgid verbosity, all of them equally disgusting to the generality of readers. We have no such complaints to make of *The Mirror*. The sprightly anonymous authors, when delineating the world as it is, happily blend gaiety with variety, and when they endeavour to point out what it should be, they do not snarl from the tub of the cynic, nor fulminate from the pulpit of the zealot. The style is familiar, yet chaste and correct; the subjects are taken from interesting scenes in social and domestic life, and if there is a possibility of refining the taste of our young people, especially the females, by alluring them to give up wretched novels, for works in which instruction and pleasure go hand in hand, it must be effected by such well-chosen miscellaneous essays as *The Mirror*.

Our readers will recollect with satisfaction, that we have occasionally enriched our Magazine with some choice jewels borrowed from this literary diadem, but we have done it with a sparing hand, and have constantly acknowledged the obligation. But the public

1781.

public being now in possession of the whole collection, we shall no longer think ourselves at liberty to select particular papers from a work, every page of which will bear repeated reading, and which we strongly recommend to all families, as a cheerful, sensible, innocent companion.

In the first volume, there are *thirty six* papers, published on the Tuesdays and Saturdays in every week, and commencing on Saturday, January 23, 1779. The second volume extends the number of papers to seventy-four; and the third, to one hundred and ten, the whole being closed on Saturday, May 27, 1780; and from the account given of the origin of these essays, and of the manner of conducting them, we have reason to hope that the same genius, the same association, the same laudable design may be productive of similar papers in future, under a new title; the society cannot want subjects, and we may venture to assure them that they will not want readers, or admirers, while they are able to continue the same vivacity, ease, elegance, and purity of sentiment, which do honour to their present performance.

Independent of the few papers we have selected for our repository of learning and taste, we beg leave to recommend the following as peculiarly entertaining and useful. No. 4, On the effects of a foreign education. No. 5, Of Pedantry, with an extension of the phrase. No. 12, Consequences to little folks of intimacy with great ones. No. 23, History of a good hearted man, no one's enemy but his own. No. 42, 43, 44, The story of La Roche. No. 64, On good company. No. 75, On the abuse of news-papers. No. 78, Account of Hearty's sufferings from his propensity to friendship. No. 97 and 98, Account of the Flint family. No. 108 and 109, The inefficacy of guilty pleasure to confer happiness, exemplified in the story of *Louisa Venoni*.

IX. *The Theatre of Education. Translated from the French of the Countess de Genlis. Vol. II. III. and IV.*

OUR constant readers will recollect the character we gave of the first volume of this useful and novel performance, in our Review of New Publications for the month of December 1780, Vol. XLIX, p. 569, to which we beg leave to refer those who are not acquainted with the work, or with our sentiments upon the plan and execution. To avoid repetition, it needs only be added in this place, that the three volumes now published, which completes the design, are better recommendations of it, than even the first, and we are glad to find, the good sense of British readers has encouraged the translation of the whole; if the review we gave of the first volume, published as a specimen, has in any degree contributed to bring for-

ward the remainder, it has accomplished the great end we propose in scrutinising new publications, which is to recommend all good books to general notice.

The reader must not expect to find intricate plots, lively *dénouemens*, nor all the refined wit and humour which is necessary for a comedy, that is to be exhibited on a public theatre to a mixed audience. It must constantly be remembered, that *The Theatre of Education*, is not the theatre of mere pleasure, neither is virtue sacrificed to the gratification of vicious affections, or the caprices of fashion. Simple incidents, such as usually occur in domestic life, are made the vehicles to improve and delight the young mind; the language is natural, occasionally perhaps too unadorned for persons of ripe years, and good understandings; but in every little piece there is something interesting, and an excellent moral impressed upon the mind.

The characters in the first and second volumes are chiefly females, and the comedies are adapted to the instruction and amusement of young ladies. Those of the third volume consist solely of gentlemen, and are intended to inspire young men of rank with noble and liberal sentiments.

The fourth volume is miscellaneous with respect to the characters, but is professedly composed for the laudable purpose of improving the understandings and guiding the conduct of young merchants, shopkeepers, and mechanics, almost all the tracts upon education before extant, being calculated for the higher ranks of life.

At the particular request of a correspondent we have borrowed the little piece at the beginning of the second volume for the entertainment of our readers, intitled, *The Blind Woman of Spa*, and we shall assign a proper reason for selecting this piece in preference to any other, nearly in the words of our correspondent. "It affords an opportunity of doing justice to our national character, and particularly to that of Lady Spenfer, whose charity and benevolence supplied the principal materials for the *Countess de Genlis*," by whose advertisement to the piece, we are informed, that all the particulars are strictly true, even the name of the woman and her three children, and the business of her husband are preserved, the only circumstance concealed was that which we have been enabled to reveal—that Lady Spenfer is represented by Lady Seymour.

X. *Liberal Education; or, a practical Treatise on the Methods of acquiring useful and polite Learning. By the Rev. Vicejimus Knox, A. M. Master of Tunbridge School.*

THE public in general, and our readers in particular, are already indebted to this learned and ingenious writer for two volumes

lumes of moral and literary essays, published in 1777 and 1779; reviewed and recommended in our Magazines for those years. See Vol. XLVI. p. 619, and Vol. XLVIII. p. 417. His useful labours are now extended to one of the most important concerns of life, the liberal education of youth. His sentiments and advice are the fruits of an enlightened understanding, and his communicating them to the public is the effect of a laudable zeal to promote the welfare of the rising generation. On points wherein he differs from other respectable authorities, he distinguishes himself by his modesty and candour, and where he agrees with them, he adds strength to their opinions, by his own judgement and experience. Mr. Knox is an advocate for that ancient system of education, which consists in a *classical* discipline, in opposition to a plan more superficial, and more flattering to idleness and vice, which he says, has of late begun to prevail. We cannot readily subscribe to the opinion that the improvements in education suggested and carried into practice by men of great literary eminence of late years, have had a tendency to encourage vice or idleness, neither can we think that religion and virtue, owe their greatest support to the study of Greek and Latin. The ancient system of education protracts it, and prevents the acquisition of general accomplishments, by pinning boys of all capacities, and destined for various departments of life, for years to the forms, in order to get regularly thro' the *eight* classes of a public grammar school. However, as Mr. Knox has not gone very deep into the contest upon this head, but has rather thrown out cursory sentiments than produced solid arguments to prove that boys who are not designed for the church, the law, or physic, ought to bestow so large a portion of their lives on classical learning; we shall pass over that head with only two observations. If Mr. Knox wishes to recommend Greek and Latin for all boys whose parents can afford to give them a liberal education, he should adopt a plan of teaching those dead as living languages, particularly the Latin, the schools in the Austrian Netherlands will furnish him an example. There, the boys converse in pure Latin, and write prose correctly and familiarly in three or four years, without going through *eight* classes. In the list of Latin books set down by Mr. Knox for his *fifth* class, are *Ovid's Epistles and Metamorphoses*; yet, in another section of his work, he complains heavily of Tooke's Pantheon, as being improper for boys, "because it contains many ideas, and many expressions which may equally corrupt their morals and their taste." A strange inconsistency this! that Mr. Knox, the true friend of religion and virtue, should not provide some

substitute for Ovid, well knowing how much, and how justly, the use of that author has been reprobated by those good and learned men who wish to banish immorality from the ancient system of education; yet he readily substitutes another book for the Pantheon. In short, our author, being strangely prejudiced against all innovations, persists in abiding by old errors, rather than adopt any improvements that are new. Independent of these singularities, this work contains a great variety of practical instructions to parents, masters, and scholars. The question, whether a public or a private education is to be preferred? he has admirably investigated, and has made a proper distinction in this case between the education of boys and girls: the first, he is of opinion should receive a public education: the last, invariably a private one. The section against permitting the use of translations in public schools ought to be read and attended to by all school-masters and private tutors. "Instead of facilitating the acquisition of learning, they contribute to retard it." Boys who have been advanced to high classes in schools where translations are allowed, when removed to others have been obliged to descend to much lower classes, being totally ignorant of the rules of construction, they have often been obliged to begin again with the very elements of the Latin. In treating of the ornamental accomplishments, Mr. Knox very justly makes them the secondary branches of education. "Boys should be taught to value *external* graces only in a subordinate degree. Great care must be taken, that they may not be viewed in so favourable a light as to appear capable of becoming the substitutes of moral and intellectual excellence."

The observations on the Universities, and on foreign travel, do honour to the genius and to the benevolent disposition of the author; and the conclusion contains some accurate strictures on the times, which we hope may have a proper effect in promoting public reformation.

XI. *The Fatal Kiss, a Poem. Written in the last Stage of an Atrophy. By a beautiful and unfortunate young Lady.* 4to.

A melancholy tale of the seduction of an accomplished female, whose only fault was credulity, by some artful villain of rank and fortune, whose name for the present is concealed, is here told, in the most harmonious numbers. It is impossible to read it without a mixture of admiration and pity. It is published, with a benevolent design, to warn young ladies against the snares that are laid for them by vicious men.

The following invocation is given as a specimen of the many beauties in this affecting poem:

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Spirit of Charity, direct my pen!
To thee I dedicate the pensive strain:
Thou know'st my motives; and thou see'st
my heart,

As full of anguish, as devoid of art!
Benignly stooping from thy bright abode,
Fast by the awful right hand of thy God,
Wou'd'st thou my burning bosom but inspire,
And touch my hallow'd numbers with thy
fire;

Like the rare aloe, whose expiring root
With one last effort vig'rously doth shoot,
And from its barrenness sublimely rise,
Blooming, and breathing incense to the skies;
Sweet should ascend the incense of my breath,
And Life push forth her fairest bloom in
Death!

XII. *Emma Corbett; or, the Miseries of
Civil War. A new Edition, being the Third.*
In three Vols.

IT is not with an intention to enlarge
upon the merits of this much admired his-
torical novel, which we so strenuously re-
commended in our Review of the first edi-
tion—(See our Magazine for 1780. Vol.
XLIX. p. 229) but with a view to do jus-
tice to the discernment of the author, and
to the excellent taste and skill of two cele-
brated artists. The author could not more
delicately express his gratitude for the gene-
ral approbation and applause bestowed on his
work, than by engaging the ingenious and
elegant Angelica Kauffman to design a fron-
tispiece for the present edition. After a
careful revision and correction of his affec-
ting story, no other improvement was want-
ing. Angelica, by a grand effort of her un-
common genius, has conveyed to the eye,
an inimitable delineation of that awful ca-
tastrophe, which under the masterly pen of
the writer had already affected the sensibi-
lity of every benevolent mind. And to
complete this beautiful ornament Mr. Burke
the engraver has executed the design in a
style superior to most artists in his branch.

LIST of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in the
Months of FEBRUARY and MARCH,
besides those that have been reviewed.

HISTORY.

THE History of the Decline and Fall of
the Roman Empire. By Edward Gib-
bon, Esq. the second and third Volumes.
4to.

The History of English Poetry. By T.
Watson, B. D. the third Volume. 4to.

The Revolution of America. By the
Abbé Raynal.

A Collection of Treaties of Peace, Com-
merce and Alliance, between Great Britain
and other Powers, from 1619 to 1734, with
a Discourse on the Conduct of the Govern-
ment of Great Britain, in respect to neutral
Powers. By the Right Hon. Charles Jen-
kinson, Secretary at War.

The History of the Peloponnesian War,
translated from the Greek of Thucydides.
By W. Smith, M. A. 2 Vols. 8vo.

POLITICKS.

AN Address to the Committee of the
County of York, on the State of public Af-
fairs. By D. Hartley, Esq.

The Speech of General Conway in the
House of Commons, on the 5th of May,
1780

Reflexions on our Rupture with the
Dutch.

Considerations preliminary to fixing the
Supplies, the Ways and Means, and the
Taxes for 1781. Addressed to the Ministers
and the Public.

Letters from Cicero to Catiline the II'd.

Letters to Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury,
Bart. By a Freeholder.

An Exposure or Examination of the Ope-
rations of the British Ministers, from the
Commencement of the War against the
Americans to the present Time, &c. By
Joly de St. Valier.

A R T S.

OUTLINES of an Answer to Dr. Priest-
ley's Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit.
By the Rev. Rich. Giffard, B. A.

An Examination of Dr. Crawford's The-
ory of Heat and Combustion. By W. Mor-
gan.

Chemical Essays. By R. Watson, D. D.
F. R. S. 2 Vols. 8vo.

Remarks on Prints intended to be pub-
lished, relative to the Manners, Customs,
&c. of the present Inhabitants of Egypt,
from Drawings made on the Spot. By R.
Dalton, Esq.

The Seaman's complete Daily Assistant.
By J. H. Moore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Treatise on Human Woe. By a Spec-
tator.

An Account of the Taking of the East
and West India Fleets, on the 9th of Au-
gust 1780.

A general Account of the Calamities oc-
casioned by the late Hurricanes and Earth-
quakes in the West India Islands. By Mr.
Fowler.

An Epistle to Angelica Kauffman. By
George Keate, Esq.

A short History of the Westminster Fo-
rum. By the President. 2 Vols. 8vo.

The Adventures of a Hackney Coach.

An Epistolary Treatise, addressed to the
Rev. Dr. Watson. 4to.

L A W.

OBSERVATIONS upon the Riot Act,
with an Attempt towards the Amendment
of it.

The Trial of Lord George Gordon, taken
in Short-Hand by J. Gurney. Folio.

The Same. By W. Vincent, Esq.

The

The Same by Authority. Taken in Short-Hand by W. Blanchard, and revised by Counsel. Folio.

MEDICAL.

A Letter to the King on a new proposed Medical Institution.

Heads of Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Midwifry. By A. Duncan, M. D. 12mo.

A Treatise on Midwifry. By A. Hamilton.

Observations on the Origin and Progress of the Atrabilious Constitution and Gout. Chapter IV. By W. Grant, M. D.

Medical Tracts. By J. Wall, M. D. of Worcester. Collected and re-published with Annotations. By M. Wall, M. D. of Oxford. 8vo.

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, and their Remedies. By George Chandler, Surgeon.

NOVEL.

FEMALE Stability; or, the History of Miss Belville. In a Series of Letters. By the late Miss Palmer.

POETRY.

AMERICA, a Poem. By J. Farrar.

A Poetical Epistle from Florizel to Perdita, with Perdita's Answer. 4to.

The Siege of Sinope, a Tragedy. By Mrs. Brooke.

The Royal Suppliants, a Tragedy. By the Rev. Dr. Delap.

An Hymn to Æsculapius.

The Traitor, a Poetical Rhapsody.

Poems. By a Lady. 4to.

Rhymes in Lyric Verse, on various Occasions.

RELIGIOUS.

THE Works of the Right Rev. Thomas Wilson, fifty-eight Years Bishop of Sodor and Man; with a Head of the Bishop, by Vertu, and his Life. By C. Crutwell, of Bath. 2 Vols. 4to.

Sermons. By A. Gerrard, D. D.

Sermons sur diverses Textes de l'Ecriture, Sainte, par feu M. Cœr de Missy. 3 Tom. 8vo.

A Sermon on the Nature of Christ's Kingdom. By the Rev. R. Hood, A. M.

An Essay on the Distinction between the Soul and Body of Man. By J. Rotherham, M. A.

An Essay on the Character of Methodism.

A Discourse in two Parts on Isaiah, Chap. vii. v. 14, 15, 16, preached before the University of Cambridge. By T. Pothwaite, B. D.

Remarks on Polygamy, &c. in answer to the Rev. Mr. Madan's Thelyphthora. By T. Wills, A. B.

A Sermon preached on the Fast-Day, before the University of Oxford. By George Horne, D. D.

The Duration of our Lord's Ministry particularly considered. By W. Newcome, D. D.

Sympathy in Distress, a Sermon by R. Markham, D. D.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

The following ingenious Poem gained the Wreath on Thursday the 21st of December, on the opening of Lady MILLER's Poetical Society for the present Season. Written, it is said, by Mr. Pratt, Author of Emma Corbett, Shenstone Green, &c.

SUBJECT,

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

DELAYS are dangerous.—Ah, me!
C'est bien vrai—as you shall see:
And that examples may be found,
We'll turn the subject round and round.

A time there is in woman's life,
That fixes her, a maid or wife.—
A ribbon'd youth, with sword and sash on,
Courting that pretty flirt Miss Fashion,
Romances thus on each lov'd feature:
'Gods! was e'er seen so sweet a creature?'
Then struck the gorget at his breast,
And warmer still his flames express'd:
'Jove, what a brow! what bon-ton swim!
Her shape so elegantly slim!
What graces in her train behind!
Each fold denotes a taste refin'd.

Then such good breeding crowns the whole,
In ev'ry movement there is soul.
My angel, name the happy day;
But let it quickly be, I pray.
'The first of April then (says she)
I yield to your felicity.
You men are so importunate—
But wedlock's an affair of weight.'
'O my adorable! I know,
And well have turn'd it to and fro.
Ah that the blessed morn were here!
My love, my life, my soul, my dear!
The usual thumps and fighings past,
This blessed morn arrives at last.
'Well now, my charming Fashion! now,
Come blooming to fulfil your vow.
Thus on his knee your sword-knot begs,
'Do, pray sir, get upon your legs.
To see a soldier on his knees,
In military times like these,
Is really shocking, I protest!—
This nasty cough so breaks my rest,
I have not slept a wink all night—
Then, how I look!—I'm quite a fright!
If I to-day were made your wife,
I'm positive 'twould cost my life.

Close he stalk'd by me yester-night,
While my blood fallied at the sight.
Lucullus begg'd another day,
The boney monarch went away;
Lucullus promis'd to repent,
And gain'd a day with such intent.
Death had no sooner left the room,
Than life and all its follies bloom.
The boney monarch finds him now
Unmindful of the pious vow,
Assumes the life-disposing nod,
And shows the mandate of his god.
"Yet, yet an hour? (the culprit cries,
As trembling on his bed he lies)
One little moment yet dispense?"
"It may not be—I'm summon'd hence.
Delays are dangerous, thou fool,
Die then, an instance of the rule,
And Heav'n shew mercy on thy soul!"

Young Claudio plays a desp'rate hand,
What axe's echo thro' the land I
And scarce a lonely tree remains,
To screen the woodman from the rains.
The sorrowing oxen, as they go,
Curse thoughtless Claudio in their lowe;
And presently those oxen die,
Another hundred to supply.
The poor esteem it vastly cruel
There's not a stick to warm their gruel;
Then execrate the gambler's art,
Which opens the hand to shut the heart;
For Claudio vends his very faggots,
To bet upon a race of maggots.
His birds too mourn the ruin'd grove,
Once vocal with the song of love.
In good Sir Careful's golden-day,
They built a cot on ev'ry spray:
Look, says a poor defrauded thrush,
H' has stobb'd my matrimonial bush.
Yes, quoth a rook upon the ground,
The deuce an elm-tree's to be found;
This spendthrift landlord has cut down
Each house in our aerial town;
The fellow's ruin'd all my friends,
And horror o'er our race impends:
But dearly shall he pay the scheme,
He pluck'd us rooks, now rooks pluck him.
"Claudio, that last was a good hit,
Rise, instant rise, the table quit—
Delays are dangerous." "I go,
Soon as I've had another throw."
"*Delays are dangerous*! stop in time."
"Pshaw! nonsense! damn your boring rhyme,
You put me out."—He rashly threw,
Lost the last guinea, and withdrew.
Delays are dangerous, he said,
Then snapp'd a pistol at his head.

Thus having twirl'd the theme about,
And pointed some examples out;
'Tis time to take my leave of verse—
O for a couplet pat and terse!
Just to conclude with—Hang it now!
When wit's most wanted, none will flow.
That's so provoking now, so hard,
Throws such a damp upon the bard,

'Tis really monstrous, I declare—
And then a tag gives such an air.
Besides, this sudden fall of snow
Makes Pegasus move very slow. [her!
Would but the muse—hush! hush! behold
Lean from the vase, and touch my shoulder:
She whispers that I talk too long,
Delays are dangerous in song.
The sacred counsel I attend,
And bring my poems to an end.

PROLOGUE to the ROYAL SUPPLICANTS,
*Supposed to be written by a Gentleman of the
biggest Rank in Literature.*

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

WITH countenance thrice chang'd
from red to pale,
Our author sends me forth to tell his tale;
Cæsus, said he—who rul'd those lands that
lie—

Cæsus—the nabob of antiquity; [praise,
When satiated with war, with wealth, with
Desir'd new pleasures still to soothe his days;
And publish'd vast rewards (sure out of spite)
To him who should produce some new delight.
This flame unquench'd burns on from age to
age;

Panting for novelty you seek our stage:
To please this taste, a classic bard will try
To make soft bosoms heave a classic sigh;
Feel Deianira's faded charms, and trace
Alcides' godlike virtues in his race.
Hard is the task who strives your praise to
gain,

And hard the part a poet must sustain.
Herculean labours might our prologue fill,
And prove the club less pow'rful than the
quill.

To clear the course, to turn the tide of wit,
To charm the watchful dragon of the pit;
The Hydra's hiss to check, the giants quell,
And bind the barking Cerberus of Hell,
Might the best strength of Hercules require,
Tho' to his force were added Orpheus' lyre:
Yet will we not despond—Alcides' race
In every one's remembrance holds a place;
The tale has trembled on each infant tongue;
The tale that Busby taught—that Dryden
sung:

This night attend, one generous tear bestow,
To weep the hero's wrongs, the daughter's
woe;

Like kind protectors grant the widow's suit,
And crown your poet with the golden fruit.

EPILOGUE to the ROYAL SUPPLICANTS,
Spoken by Mrs. CRAWFORD.

WELL! these heroic times—I scarce
can speak— [Greek,
These ancient fables, borrow'd from the
Are all so full of passion, rage, and death,
So violent, they take away one's breath;
Let me recover pray:—This tragic strife,
Night after night, leads me a weary life.
Thro'

1781.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

147

Thro' what variety of folks long dead,
Thro' what strange times and beings are we
led :

Now a fond daughter, trembling for her fire;
Now Phædra, burning with unlawful fire;
A heroine now, for Greece, my brain I rack;
Now Desdemona, smother'd by a black.

To take these various shapes, and fill the
whole,

An actress needs a transmigrating soul.

This night, you'll own, I've had full cause
to mourn,

A chief renown'd, from my embraces torn.
Well might a widow weep the best of men,
Oh! such a husband I sha'n't have again.

With bright renown he fill'd the eastern
climes,

And differ'd, ladies, from these modern times.
One thing there is, which I must not disguise;
Tho' brave, heroic, generous and wise,

The lover tam'd, aside his club could throw,
Chain'd to the distaff, like a modern beau;
Yet even now, in these degenerate days,
Heroic virtue still can merit praise.

When round the ship, in the deep roaring
tide,

Devouring flames advance on ev'ry side;
Lo! on the anchor where the hero * lies,
With look serene, and still the foe defies!
He views the flame, he views the crawling
wave,

Then sinks—undaunted sinks in Glory's gravel
May his example every breast inspire,
And kindle thro' the land our antient fire;
For nought, as Shakspeare sings, can make us
rue,

If Britain to herself will prove but true!

* Captain Farmer.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

L O N D O N .

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28.



ESTERDAY a court of Common-Council was held at Guildhall, at which were present the Lord Mayor, thirteen aldermen, and the two sheriffs.

Mr. Merry, in consequence of the resolution of the last court, moved, that the court do now proceed to the election of a treasurer of the hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlem, in the room of Nathaniel Thomas, Esq. deceased, which was agreed to.

A motion was made, and question put, that whoever shall be elected treasurer of the said hospitals do give 5000*l.* security for the faithful discharge of his duty and trust, with such other security as shall be approved of by the committee for enquiring into the right of the common council to be governors of the royal hospitals, which was resolved in the affirmative, whereupon Brads Crosby, Esq. alderman, being nominated, was unanimously elected treasurer of the said hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlem.

A motion was made, and question put, that it be referred to the hospital committee to take such security, and to give directions for the necessary and proper powers and authorities to be made out for investing Mr. Alderman Crosby with the said treasurer'ship, which was resolved in the affirmative.

The town clerk was ordered to forthwith acquaint the president of Bridewell and Bethlem with the appointment of a treasurer to the said hospitals by the court of Common-Council.

Mr. Thorp, of Aldgate, moved, That a committee be appointed to enquire into and report to the court the state of the annual revenue and expenditure of the city, together with their opinion, whether any, and what regulations are proper and necessary to be made for increasing the said revenue, or lessening the said expenditure in future; and on the question being put, it was resolved in the affirmative.

A motion was then made and agreed to, that the committee do consist of six aldermen and twelve commoners, to be ballotted for at the next court.

It was resolved, that the use of the new common-council chamber be allowed the delegates of the petitioning or associating counties, cities, boroughs and corporations, to meet in to deliberate on the carrying into execution the declared purposes of their meeting, on Saturday next at noon, and on any subsequent days they may want it, when a common-council is not summoned.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

Last night the delegates at Serjeants-Inn-Hall, set aside the decree of the late Sir George Hay which confirmed the legality of the marriage abroad of Mr. Morris with Miss Harford, and referred the parties to the Commons to go on in the proceedings.

The following account of the loss of the General Barker East-Indiaman is given in a private letter from Holland, from a gentleman on board: "In the hard gale of wind which came on between eleven and twelve at night on the 12th inst. we parted with three cables a-head, and soon after lost every anchor and cable we had. The following day we fired signals of distress, but could get no assistance. We were at last drifted against

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the Kentish Knock, where we lay for six hours; by the help of a strong tide we got off in the evening, but not without the loss of all our boats, and cutting away our main and mizen-masts. The gale continuing on the 15th, we were driven on shore on the coast of Holland, in which dreadful situation we remained all night, expecting every moment to be our last, and in which horrid suspense fifteen of the crew actually perished. In the morning the Dutch very humanely came out to our assistance, and rescued about sixty of us from a situation more easily to be imagined than I can describe. We are now at Norwaygon, where we meet with every sympathy our condition merits."

A melancholy accident happened a few days ago at Blue-street, near Penhill, Surry. At night as a man, his wife, and mother were going to bed, they lighted a brazier of charcoal in the room where they lay, on account of the extreme coldness of the weather, by which, it is supposed, they were suffocated, they being all three next morning found dead in their beds. The wife was far advanced in her pregnancy, and expected to lie-in in a very few days.

MONDAY, 5.

On Saturday was tried before Mr. Justice Buller and a special jury at Guildhall, the important cause between Mr. Langdale, the distiller, who sued the late Lord-Mayor under the riot act, to recover of the inhabitants of the city the damages he sustained by the destruction of his premises and goods during the late disturbances. The Attorney-General, Mr. Lee and Mr. Murphy, were counsel for the plaintiff, and the Recorder, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Davenport, and Mr. Rose, for the City. Mr. Langdale went for 51,559l. 19s. 7d. under several heads, viz. the great warehouse, with the spirits behind the house, in Upper Holbourn, at 22,478l. 3s. 8d. at prime cost; the furniture 1010l.—at Holbourn-Bridge 783l. 2s. 9d. besides the dead stock of mills, worms, pipes, and damage done to several houses adjoining to Mr. Langdale, held by him under leases. There was great dispute about the estimates, as the witnesses were not properly prepared to answer the counsel with their calculations. The recorder made a long speech. He contended, that Mr. Langdale had no right to recover, because the fire was communicated from the spirits which were first set in a blaze to the buildings and other property. To this point one witness was examined. The judge seemed against the distinction. Mr. Langdale admitted the receipt of 14,662l. from the Excise; 11,423l. of the Union Fire-Office; 1683l. 8s. 8d. of the London Assurance Company; 900l. of the Hand in Hand Fire Office; but nevertheless he brought his action to include these several sums for the

benefit of the Excise and different offices. The judge without delivering any opinion left the whole case to the consideration of the jury, who withdrew for near two hours, and gave a verdict for 18,729l. 10s. damages only. The jury added also, that Mr. Langdale could not recover the insurances in trust. The verdict is reserved for the opinion of the judges, whether goods and stock in trade are within the meaning of the act of parliament, and a new trial will be moved for next term by the city, as the jury gave a verdict for the goods and stock in trade, which are included in the damages given, contrary, as the counsel say, to the riot act, whereby these buildings are to be repaired, and no other recompences provided for.

After the above trial, the action brought by Mr. Charlton, in Coleman-street, and Mr. Malo, in Moorfields, were tried; the former had a verdict for 900l. The jury gave the whole damages sustained.

WEDNESDAY, 7.

On Monday came on to be tried before the Earl of Mansfield and a special jury, a cause wherein Mr. Stock was plaintiff, and the citizens of London, defendants, on the same ground with Messrs. Langdale and others, tried on Saturday, to recover 2800l. damages, sustained by him in the late riots. The surveyors for the plaintiff had formed their estimate for rebuilding the houses, according to the direction of the new building act: the surveyors of the Board of Works had estimated only what the expence would be of rebuilding them in their former state, without any regard to the building act, as every alteration made thereby, by increasing the expence, would proportionably raise the value of the houses. In this opinion the judge and jury seemed to coincide, and a verdict was given for 2180l.

Another cause of the same kind was tried, with this difference, that Peachey, the plaintiff, had rebuilt his house at the expence of 600l. but the new house being much better than the old, he was contented to take one half; upon which a verdict was immediately given for 300l. apparently to the satisfaction of all parties.

A third cause of the same nature was tried; Mr. Patrick, pin-maker, Holbourn, was plaintiff, recovered a verdict of 280l.

Last Thursday came on for hearing in Doctor's Commons, a cause of divorce by a person of Covent-Garden theatre, against his wife for adultery with a black servant, and who was sent last Old-Bailey session on board a tender at the request of the prosecutor, setting forth that his life and property were in danger. After hearing counsel on both sides, the Judge of the Consistory Court of London, Dr. Wynne, pronounced for the divorce.

MONDAY,

MONDAY, 12.

On Saturday morning came on before Lord Mansfield and a special jury at Guildhall, the trial of an information filed *ex officio* by the Attorney-General against Mr. Alderman Kennett, charging him with wilfully, obstinately, and perversely neglecting, as Lord Mayor of this city, on Sunday the 4th of June last, to use the necessary means, and not exercising his authority to quell the rioters in Ropemakers-Alley, Moorfields, when present at the head of military assistance, and for not reading the riot act. The prosecution was opened by the Attorney-General, who attributed all the subsequent conduct of the mob to the timidity of the city magistrates.

Several witnesses were called, the principal of whom were Lord Beauchamp, Mr. Gates, the City Marshal, Mr. Malo, Mr. Barnard Turner, the commanding officer of the Association corps, Mr. John Cole, and other persons present in Ropemakers-Alley. Lord Beauchamp gave it as his opinion, that the rioters could have been apprehended without firing a shot, and such an extremity was totally unnecessary; the other witnesses joined in proving that the military bore great insults, were pelted with brick-bats, and the captain repeatedly desired to receive orders to act, which were refused by the defendant.

Upon cross examination, the witnesses in general allowed, that the defendant appeared in extreme agony of mind, and overcame with fear and apprehension at the sight of the depredation; that several aldermen were with him, and co-incided in his conduct, and that with their concurrence he refused to give any direction to fire.

The Hon. Mr. Erskine entered into the defence of Mr. Alderman Kennett, and said, that the riot act so far from being unequivocal was misunderstood by the most eminent lawyers in this country, two of whom could hardly agree in defining the spirit and power of it. In this case, however, he denied the existence of it; as when the alderman came to Ropemakers-Alley, the rioters were in the actual perpetration of felony, and therefore to read the riot act was absurd, that law being for the suppression of riotous assemblies before the commission of illegal acts. He contended, that the alderman was not proved to act *malâ fide*, and an error of judgement he was not answerable for, adducing numerous cases to that point of argument.

Dr. Kennett, son of the alderman, Lord Spenser Hamilton, Mr. Alderman Clarke, Mr. Samuel Thorpe, and several others, were examined on the part of the defendant, to prove his application for troops, his anxiety and uneasiness for their arrival, his readiness to head them, and the imprudence of firing indiscriminately upon the mob.

The Solicitor-General replied, and ridiculed the defence.

The noble judge said the cases mentioned by Mr. Erskine were inapplicable; he declined any of his own observations, and left the whole to the jury upon this question, "Whether the defendant under all the circumstances had used common discretion as a magistrate?" his lordship then left the court.

The jury withdrew, and returned in about an hour, finding the defendant guilty of neglecting to do his duty, but not wilfully and obstinately. The clerk would not record. The jury went in coaches to the house of Lord Mansfield, when his lordship informed them that the verdict must be general, Guilty or Not Guilty. It was brought in, Guilty.

MARRIAGES.

March COLONEL Heathcote, to Miss Coke, sister of Daniel Parker Coke, Esq. one of the representatives in parliament for the town of Nottingham.—6. Sir Thomas Jones, Knt. to Miss Fitzgerald, daughter of Lady Fitzgerald.—7. The Right Hon. Lord Althorpe, son of Earl Spencer, to Miss Bingham, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Lucan.—11. Lord Mahon, to Miss Grenville, daughter of the late Rt. Hon. George Grenville, and sister to the present Earl Temple.—15. John Warde, Esq. of Squirries, in Kent, to the Hon. Miss Gmiston, sister to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Gmiston.

DEATHS.

ON the 27th of January last, at Antigua, his Excellency William Matthew Burt, Esq. Captain-General, and Chief Governor of the Leeward and Charibbee Islands.—*Feb. 24.* The Rev. Dr. Goodal, prebendary of Norwich.—*March 5.* Lord Polwarth, son of the Earl of Marchmont. He was married in July, 1772, and died ætat 30, without issue.—10. Mr. John Welch, sen. upwards of 40 years clerk in the Chirographer's-Office, in the Temple.—16. Lady Mary Douglas, daughter of William first Earl of March.—20. Lord Robert Kerr.—A few days ago, Alexander Baillie, Esq. of the Stamp-Office.—Sir Neville George Hickman, Bart. Justice of the Peace for Lincoln.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN BULLOCK, late of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, but now a prisoner in the custody of the chief bailiff of the liberty of Hallamshire, in the said county of York, anvil-maker.
John Strangeways, late of West Harding-street, London, pawnbroker, but now of the Strand, salesman and hardwareman (a prisoner in the custody of the marshal of the King's Bench).
Quintin Woolnough, of Alderton, in Suffolk, brickmaker.
John Perrott, of Castle street, Leicester fields, grocer.
Joseph Wilcox Piercy, of Coventry, bookseller.
Margaret

Margaret Swaine, of Stanwell, in Middlesex, baker.
 George Dimela, of Chester, cheesemonger.
 John Shiers, of Oxford-street, St. Mary le Bonne, button-seller.
 Geo. Morrison, late of the Broadway, St. Margaret, Westminster, but now of Dartmouth street, St. Margaret Westminster, tailor.
 Brown Shelton, late of the parish of Grimley, in Worcestershire, dealer in hories.
 John Farrer, now or late of Birchworth, in Penitance, Yorkshire, tanner.
 John Jacob Appah, of White Hart-court, Bishopsgate street, London, merchant.
 John Webster, of Derby, banker and money-scrivener.
 Samuel Motley Booth, of St. John, Southwark, lighterman.
 Thomas Nixon, of Beeby, in Leicestershire, dealer.
 Samuel Bache, of Bridgenorth, in the county of Salop, baker.
 John Waton, of Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham, linen and woollen draper.
 Peter Crabb, now or late of Wigan, in Lancashire, money scrivener.
 William Mitchell, late of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, islefishman.
 William Farquharson, of Villiers-street, St. Martin in the Fields, cabinet maker.
 Mary Smith, of High Holbourn, widow, upholsterer.
 Dorothy Woodcock, late of Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire, linen draper and shopkeeper.
 Leonard Smith, late of Scarborough, in Yorkshire, mercer and woollen draper.
 Thomas Armitage, now or late of Boston, in Lincolnshire, innholder.
 Thomas Pountney, of Exeter, merchant.
 William Bolland, late of Rushden, in Northamptonshire, dealer.
 George Harding, of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, London, currier and leather-seller.
 Robert Browne, of Duke street, Westminster, merchant.
 Gustavus Bradford, of Bradford, in Yorkshire, worsted stuff-maker.
 William Howison, now or late of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, innholder.
 John Horner, of Bradford, in Yorkshire, shopkeeper.
 John Burrow, late of St. George's road, in Christ Church, Surry, dealer.
 William Crosby, of Cavendish bridge, in Derbyshire, wharfinger.
 John Liotard, of New Broad street, London, merchant.
 Edward Elliott, of Tavistock-street, St. Paul Covent Garden, laceman.
 Thomas Cockfedge, of St. Mary, Stoke Newington, in Middlesex, cornfactor.
 Cornelius Cauldwell, of Wednesbury, in Staffordshire, linen draper and grocer.
 Benjamin Allen, late of Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, but now of Parliament-street, Westminster, soapboiler.
 John Newcomb, late of Horbling, in Lincolnshire, grocer.
 James Gregson, late of Liverpool, merchant.
 John Allsbury, of St. James's-street, Middlesex, laceman.
 George Bond, late of Ivy lane, St. Faith, London, vintner.
 Samuel Coote, of Lavenham, in Suffolk, dealer.
 Joseph George Pedley, of Bristol, dealer (now a prisoner in Newgate of the said city).
 John Mills and Sherland Swanston, of Great St. Helen's, London, merchants and partners (carrying on a trade or business under the firm of Mills and Swanston).
 Edward Standen, of the Strand, hosier.
 Richard Holloway, of Arundel-street, St. Clement Dances, vintner.
 John Proudman, late of Princes street, Westminster, hosier and haberdasher.
 John Tengatt, of Sulphur Wells, in the parish of Pannall, in Yorkshire, innkeeper.
 William Hopkins, of Clay, in Norfolk, dealer.
 Richard Roberts, now or late of Houndsditch, London, man's mercer.

Thomas Jefferys French, of Castle-yard, near Holbourn, scrivener.
 William Moseley, late of Banbury, in Oxfordshire, carpenter.
 Thomas Allen, late of Bridgewater, in Somersetshire (but now a prisoner in the King's Bench prison) money scrivener.
 George Goddard, of New Sarum, in Wilts, cutter.
 Robert Wright and Richard Wright, of Norwich, worsted weavers, merchants, and partners.
 Charles Jones, of Kington, in Herefordshire, mercer.
 Thomas Eyre, of Cavendish-bridge, in the parish of Castle Donnington, in Leicestershire, cheesefactor.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

From the LONDON GAZETTE
 EXTRAORDINARY.

Whitehall, March 13, 1781.

THIS morning Captain M^r Allister, aide-du-camp to the Honourable Major-general Vaughan, commander in chief of his majesty's forces in the Leeward Islands, arrived at Lord George Germaine's office with dispatches from Major General Vaughan to his lordship, of which the following are copies and extracts.

Copy of a letter from the Hon. Major-General Vaughan, to Lord George Germain, dated Fort George, St. Eustatius, Feb. 7, 1781.

My Lord,

I HAVE the honour to inform your lordship of the arrival of the Childers brig at Barbadoes on the 27th ult. with your lordship's dispatches, transmitting to me his majesty's commands; and, in obedience to them, I immediately embarked on board the Sandwich, and proceeded with all possible expedition to St. Eustatius, and anchored before the town about two o'clock on the 3d inst. and in conjunction with the admiral, summoned the governor to make an immediate surrender of the island and all its dependencies, which summons I have the honour to enclose to your lordship, and also the governor's answer. On the following day I dispatched a proper detachment to the islands of St. Martin and Saba, which have likewise submitted to his majesty's arms.

The effects found in this place prove to be very considerable; the whole island being one continued store of French, American, and Dutch property. The particulars it is not in my power at present to ascertain.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. VAUGHAN.

Extract of a private letter from the Hon. Major-General Vaughan to Lord George Germain, dated Fort George, St. Eustatius, Feb. 7, 1781.

GIVE me leave to congratulate your lordship upon the surrender of St. Eustatius and its dependencies, a blow, I think, in its consequences, which cannot but be most sensibly felt by the enemy, as it has hitherto been the source of most essential succour to them,

them, and, I am well informed here, nothing could have so deeply affected the Americans as this.

This island, my lord, is made up of a collection of considerable property belonging to the French, Dutch, and Americans.

I have also the pleasure to inform your lordship that the capture of shipping is immense, and what adds to our success, is the overtaking a convoy that had accidentally sailed for Europe before our arrival, consisting of between twenty and thirty large ships laden with sugar, convoyed by a Dutch flag ship of 60 guns, the admiral of which would not listen to any remonstrance, and was killed in an engagement with the Monarch. The number of ships captured, amounts all together to upwards of 200, besides the above flag ship, and a frigate of 38 guns.

The consternation that reigns here at present is inconceivable; it is a stroke they so little expected, that they could scarce believe Lieutenant Colonel Cockbourne, whom I sent with the Summons.—We took possession to the amount of at least three millions of money, and what gives me particular pleasure to find is, that Amsterdam will bear the chief weight of the loss.

The fort before called Fort Orange, I now have the honour to call Fort George, and have garrisoned it, and provided for the security of St. Martin.

We have as yet, my lord, continued the Dutch Flag, which answers extremely well, as there have been no less than 17 ships come into the port since it has been captured.

Summons to the Governour of St. Eustatia.

WE the general officers commanding in chief his Britannick majesty's fleet and army in the West Indies, do, in his royal name, demand an instant surrender of the island of St. Eustatia and its dependencies, with every thing in and belonging thereto.

We give you one hour, from the delivery of this message to decide. If any resistance is made, you must abide by the consequences.

GEO. BRYDGES RODNEY.
JOHN VAUGHAN.

Sandwich, February 3, 1781.

The Governour's Answer.

GOVERNOUR de Graaff not having it in his power to make any defense against the British forces which have invested the island of St. Eustatia, surrenders the same, and all its dependencies, to Sir George Brydges Rodney and General Vaughan. Well knowing the honour and humanity of these two commanders in chief, the go-

vernour recommends the town and its inhabitants to their clemency and mercy.

JOHANNES de GRAAF.
OLIV. OYEN.
JACOBUS SEYS.
HEN. PANDT.

St. Eustatia, Feb. 3, 1781.

*Copy of a letter from Lieutenant Colonel Ed-
bouse to the Hon. Major-General Vaughan,
dated St. Martin's, Feb. 6, 1781.*

S I R,

I have the honour to inform your Excellency, that the island of St. Martin, being summoned, surrendered at discretion on the 5th inst. All publick papers, stores, &c. are secured by the quarter-master-general.

I have ordered the inhabitants to supply the troops with fresh provisions, and shall begin to put the island in a state of defense as soon as the troops are properly quartered.

I have the Honour to be, &c.

AND. EDHOUSE,

Lieutenant-Colonel 13th Reg.

Admiralty-Office, March 13, 1781.

CAPT. Stirling, of his majesty's ship the Gibraltar, who came to Plymouth in the Swallow Sloop from St. Eustatia, arrived at this office this morning with dispatches from Admiral Sir Geo Brydges Rodney to Mr. Stephens, of which the following are extracts and copies:

*Extract of a letter from Admiral Sir George
Brydges Rodney to Mr. Stephens, dated
Sandwich, St. Eustatia, Feb. 4, 1781.*

HIS majesty's sloop of war the Childers joined me on the 27th of January, with their lordships most secret orders, his majesty's royal declaration against the States of Holland and their subjects.

General Vaughan and myself lost not a moment's time in putting his majesty's commands into execution: we immediately embarked the troops destined for the enterprise, and the whole being kept a most profound secret, we sailed from St. Lucia on the 30th of January.

To prevent the French penetrating our design, the whole fleet appeared before Fort Royal and St. Pierre's, Martinique, which island we greatly alarmed; and having left Rear-Admiral Drake with six sail of the line and two frigates, to watch the motions of the four sail of the line with two frigates, then in the bay of Fort Royal, late in the evening of the said day we proceeded for the dutch island of St. Eustatia, and dispatched Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood with his Squadron to environ the bay of St. Eustatia, and prevent the escape of any Dutch ships of war or merchant ships that might be at anchor there: which service he most effectually performed.

On the 3d inst. the General and myself, with the remainder of the fleet and the troops arrived in the bay. The men of war being stationed

stationed against the batteries, and the troops ready to disembark, the general and myself, in order to stop the effusion of blood, thought it necessary to send to the Dutch governour the summons, with which he instantly complied.

The surprise and astonishment of the governour and inhabitants of St. Eustatia is scarce to be conceived. The *Mars*, a Dutch ship of war of 38 guns and 300 men, commanded by Count Byland, and belonging to the department of the admiralty of Amsterdam, having arrived at St. Eustatia, had allayed their fears of hostilities.

I most sincerely congratulate their lordships on the severe blow the Dutch West-India company, and the perfidious magistrates of Amsterdam, have sustained by the capture of this island. Upwards of one hundred and fifty sail of ships and vessels of all denominations (many of them richly laden) are taken in the bay, exclusive of the Dutch frigate called the *Mars*, which I have commissioned, manned; and in a few days she will cruise against the enemy as a British ship of war.

There are besides, five ships and vessels of war from 14 to 26 guns, all complete, and ready for service.

A Dutch convoy, consisting of 30 sail of merchant ships richly laden, having sailed from St. Eustatia, under the protection of a 60 gun ship about 36 hours before my arrival, I detached Capt. Reynolds, of his majesty's ship *Monarch*, with the *Panther* and *Sybil*, to pursue them as far as the latitude of Bermudas, should he not intercept them before he got that length.

All the magazines and storehouses are filled, and even the beach covered with tobacco and sugar.

The islands of St. Martin and Saba, have surrendered, no terms whatever having been allowed them.

Copy of a letter from Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, to Mr. Stephens, dated Sandwich, St. Eustatius, Feb. 6, 1781.

S I R,

SINCE my letter of the 4th inst. by the diligence and activity of Capt. Reynolds, the Dutch convoy, which had sailed from St. Eustatia before my arrival, has been intercepted. I am sorry to acquaint their lordships, that the Dutch admiral was killed in the action.

Enclosed I have the honour to send a copy of Captain Reynolds's letter, and am, with great regard, Sir,

Your most obed. and most humb. Serv.

G. B. RODNEY,

(C O P Y.)

Monarch off Saba, Feb. 5, 1781.

S I R,

I have the pleasure to inform you, that yesterday morning I fell in with the convoy you did me the honour to send me in pursuit of. About ten o'clock I ordered the *Mars*, a Dutch ship of war of 60 guns, to strike her colours, which she refusing to do, occasioned some shot to be exchanged. The *Monarch* received no damage, excepting three men wounded: I am not informed of the number the Dutch had killed and wounded; but, among the former is their admiral, though his flag was not hoisted at the time of the action.

From some shot in her masts I have ordered the *Panther* to take her in tow.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humb. servt.

F. REYNOLDS.

Sir G. Br. Rodney, Bart. &c. &c. &c.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T,

A N D

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. Dominiceti's Medical Anecdotes for the last thirty years, is in reading, and will be found in our Review for next Month.

The Rural Christian, No. I. we must decline inserting, it is really much better adapted to private meditation, than to the inspection of the public. Neither is it the first time of his having communicated his sentiments on the same topics. No affront is meant, we are thankful for the favours of our correspondents, but we cannot be compelled to insert any that we do not think of sufficient consequence to appear in our miscellany.

The Anecdotes of the late ingenious Mr. Ferguson, in our next.

The Methodist, a poem, was rejected, because we would willingly give satisfaction, and not offence to any body of men. The Poem on the death of a Robin, by the same hand, shall appear in our next.

The Imitation of Propertius is received, and under consideration.

Our other correspondents will find their pieces inserted this month.

The Verses to a young Lady, with the Ode to Content, are received and approved; they shall be inserted in the Poetical Essays for next month.

Mr. Sherlock's Letters on various Subjects, will form an agreeable article in our next Review.